Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

FIFTEEN CENTS

MAY 28, 1949

TRIBAL VOICES IN MANY TONGUES

By ALAN LOMAX

(See Saturday Review Recordings Section, page 41)

JUN 3 '49

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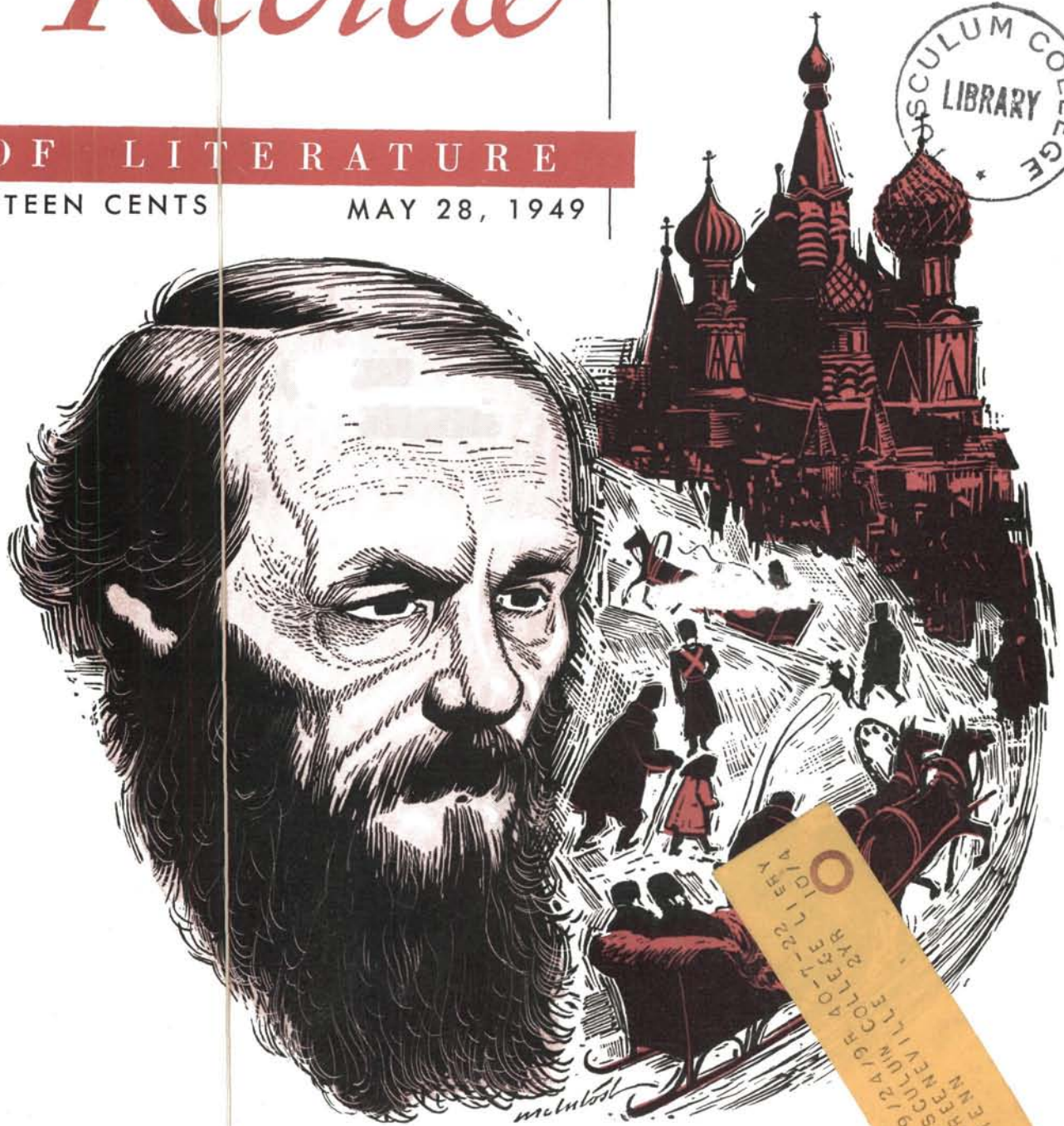

F. M. Dostoievsky, Author of "The Diary of a Writer," (See page 11)

The S-F Phenomenon in Literature

By CLAIRE HOLCOMB

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Dostoevsky

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This Week

May 28, 1949

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

Features

THE S-F PHENOMENON IN LITERATURE
By Claire Holcomb.....9

SRL RECORDINGS FOR JUNE.....41

Reviews

THE DIARY OF A WRITER
Reviewed by Mary M. Colum.....11

WRITERS ON WRITING
Reviewed by Gorham Munson.....12

NEVER AGAIN AND OTHER STORIES
Reviewed by Hollis Alpert.....13

SOME TRUST IN CHARIOTS
Reviewed by Marjory Stoneman Douglas.....14

THE GREEN ROLLER
Reviewed by David L. Cohn.....15

THE BIG SECRET
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst.....15

THE HAPPY TREE
Reviewed by Ann F. Wolfe.....16

BRITON HADDEN
Reviewed by Roger Butterfield.....17

BY EASTERN WINDOWS
Reviewed by John S. Ullmann.....18

FATHER OF THE BRIDE
Reviewed by John T. Winterich.....19

AND ONE TO GROW ON
Reviewed by Henry Beston.....20

THE SKY IS MY TIPI
Reviewed by Alan Lomax.....20

THE WINOOSKI
Reviewed by Bradford Smith.....21

FLIGHT FROM REALITY
Reviewed by Hassoldt Davis.....26

THE COMING AGE OF WOOD
Reviewed by Robert West Howard...27

THE TREMBLING YEARS
Reviewed by Betsy Barton.....32

THE DESPERATE WALL
Reviewed by Kenneth S. Davis.....33

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf.....4

LITERARY I.Q. 16

EDITORIAL 22

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....23

LITERARY CRYPT 28

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....30

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....34

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....35

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 792.....40

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TO HEAD the Bibliotheca Prima section of his catalog of books in Science and Medicine bequeathed to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, Sir William Osler chose from the *Religio Medici* of Sir Thomas Browne, the motto: "'Tis not a melancholy *Utinam* of my own, but the desires of better heads, that there were a general Synod . . . for the benefit of learning, to reduce it as it lay at first, in a few and solid authors." The text bespeaks a purpose recurring among great teaching minds and great teaching institutions.

Sir William outlined the idea of the Bibliotheca Prima, on behalf of "the hard-pressed student . . . faced with a bewildering variety and ever-increasing literature," in a leaflet presented to members of the Classical Association in May, 1919, the same month in which Oxford University Press paid the production costs on his Chapter XVII, *The Treatment of Disease*, in the first volume of the *Oxford Loose-Leaf Medicine*. The thirtieth anniversary of these events brings Oxford the privilege of announcing, for the benefit of learning, a reprinting of this work, including all supplements and revisions, making complete sets of it available for the first time since the war.

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LOOSE-LEAF MEDICINE

Planned by Dr. Henry A. Christian and the late Sir James Mackenzie, and edited for thirty years by Dr. Christian, now aided by Co-editors Burgess Gordon, M.D., William J. Kerr, M.D., and Cyrus C. Sturgis, M.D., the *Oxford Loose-Leaf Medicine* has become the ranking loose-leaf medical reference work. It now comprises a basic library of 297 separate, thorough monographs written by authorities of national and international medical stature.

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TRADE Winds

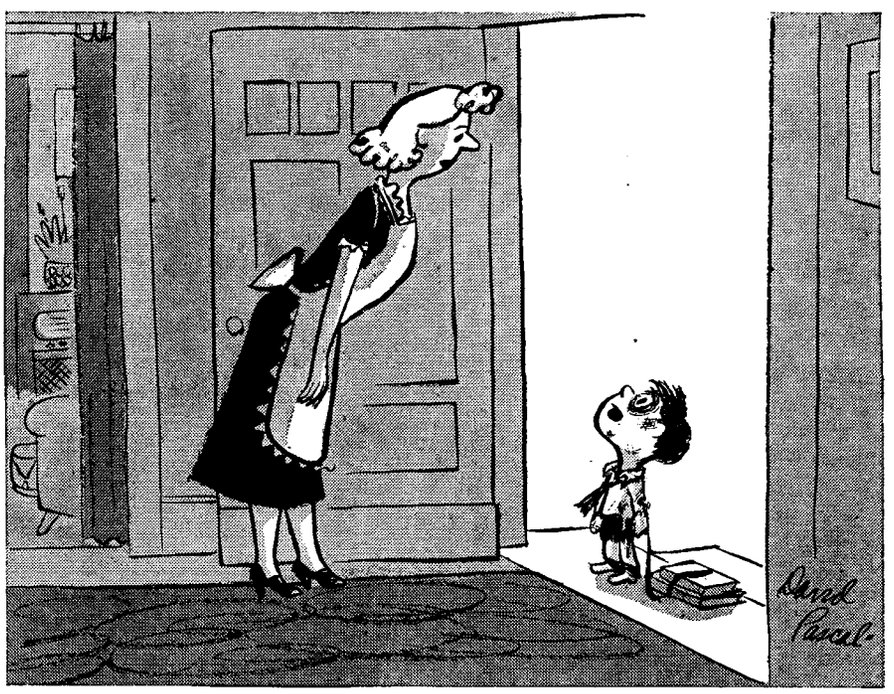
TOWERING SKYSCRAPERS have replaced all but a handful of the fine brownstone residences that once lined Fifth Avenue, but at the Forty-fourth Street corner one of the relics has been preserved intact to serve as fitting headquarters for the cozy and conservative Fifth Avenue Bank. It took two events in the literary world to ruffle the proverbial calm of this bank for the first time. One, John Marquand used it as an unmistakable model for his all-conquering "Point of No Return." Two, its vice president, Edward Streeter, whose directorial demeanor belies a ribald and irrepressible sense of humor, dashed off a book called "Father of the Bride" that promises to be just as successful as a little number called "Dere Mable," which he wrote in the days of World War I. The other employees of the bank are pleased but apprehensive. "There's no room for the depositors any more," grumbled the doorman, as he waved away a group of gaping school girls. "It looks like they've made our bank a part of the Radio City tours!"

Ed Streeter points out, by the way, that although Mr. Marquand has described the upper storeys of the Fifth Avenue Bank with a photographic exactness, his account of a directors' meeting conducted in the recesses of the safe deposit vaults smacks of "Alice in Wonderland"—or, at least, of State Street, Boston. He agrees, however, that it's a good scene—probably the best fictional use of a bank-vault background since "Alias Jimmy Valentine." . . . Luther Warren wonders why Mr. Marquand bothered to conceal the identity of what was obviously his own native Newburyport under the pseudonym of Clyde. "That title, 'Point of No Return'," adds C. Copes Brinley, "hardly applies to Newburyport. The roads were once so bad up there that a local merchant is reputed to have set out in his horse and buggy for New York one morning, and made such indifferent progress he was able to come back and sleep at home the first three nights out!"

To close out the dossier on "Point of No Return," Frances Pond, of the L. S. Ayres Bookshop in Indianapolis, wonders about the carelessness exhibited in some of the reviews. *The New York Times*, for instance, spoke of "the children going to Exeter," although one of said children, being a female, would never be tolerated on its campus. Our own *SRL* review referred three times to Clyde, Maine, instead of Clyde, Massachusetts. The *Indianapolis Star*, as well as a half dozen other papers, spelled the hero's name "Grey" instead of "Gray"; it also located Clyde in Maine. "The same error by two important reviewers who apparently had read the book," says Miss Pond, "sent me scurrying back to my own copy. It was then I noticed that the blurb begins, 'Charles Gray was born and brought up in Clyde, Massachusetts, which is situated on a branch line of the Boston and *Maine*.' Eureka!" . . .

IN AN EFFORT TO FOIL DAT OLD dabil overhead, three of the newer publishing houses have moved their editorial departments into one office suite. New Directions, Pantheon, and Pellegrini & Cudahy all may be addressed henceforth at 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14. . . . George Howe, whose novel "Call It Treason" won the Christophers' $15,000 jackpot, is a brother of Pete Howe, the Pocket Books executive, and a cousin of Quincy Howe, the commentator and historian. Viking will publish "Call It Treason" in the fall. Asked why he had not talked his brother into submitting the novel to his parent firm, S. and S., Pete Howe looked uncomfortable, and murmured, "I did—but somebody there didn't like it well enough." . . . That sort of thing is always happening in the book world, of course. Most famous examples are Viña Delmar's "Bad Girl," turned down by eleven publishers before Harcourt, Brace cleaned up with it, and Ibañez's "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," rejected so often before acceptance by Dutton that the discouraged agent finally sold it for peanuts. . . . I remember a gloomy month several summers back when both the Number One and Number Two best sellers on the *Times* and *Tribune* fiction lists were novels that had been blackballed peremptorily by editors in my own outfit. . . .

EUDORA WELTY and Hildy Dolson have collaborated on the sketches of a revue to be called "What Year Is This?" scheduled for unveiling in the fall. Between her sketch writing, completion of a new novel called "The Golden Apples," and absorption in the career of Danny Kaye, Eudora is busier these days than a relief pitcher for a tail-end ball team. . . . Isabel Bolton's "The Christmas Tree" may be the next novel to be given the infallible Leland Hayward treatment for Broadway. . . . Dodd, Mead discovered a way to get a fine poster at a fraction of the usual tariff from master-craftsman Mike Gross. They



"On the way home from school I noticed a small speck in the sky. It grew larger and larger. It turned out to be an invasion fleet from Mars. They had supersonic jet ships and were armed with cosmic-destructo rays. I had to save our Earth people and I fought them all off single-handed. I guess I got banged up a little, but that's nothing. You should see that stupid Charlie Keller from down the street—he turned traitor and fought with the Martians."

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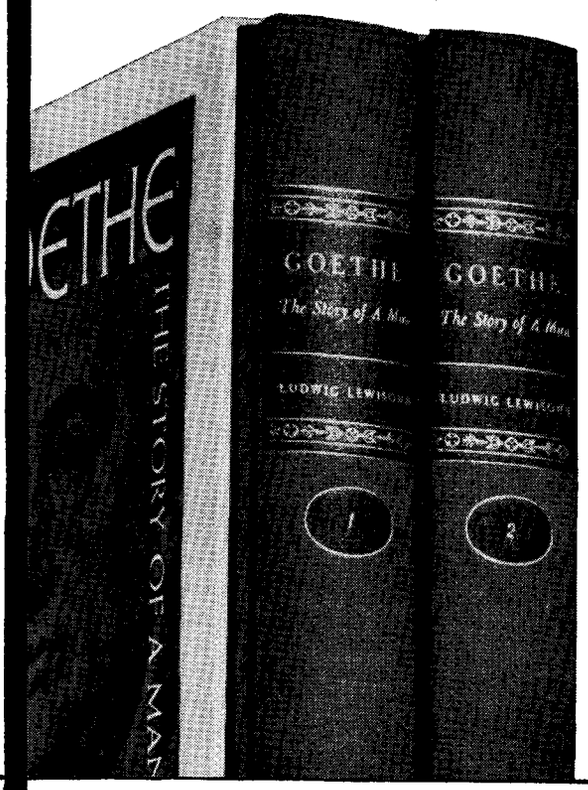
THOMAS MANN says: "It will belong with the most original, attractive, and fruitful contributions to the literary celebration of this Goethe year."



GOETHE

THE STORY OF A MAN
by LUDWIG LEWISOHN

One of the world's supreme geniuses emerges from the pages of this new kind of biography. Ludwig Lewisohn reconstructs the man from his own and his contemporaries' private and public writings. Excerpts from letters and diaries, passages from poems and conversational fragments have been arranged chronologically to reveal Goethe's greatness and humanity, anguish and triumph, conflicts and loves from his early youth to his death.

Most of this material has never before been available in English. Lewisohn's brilliant translations insure a continuity of style and feeling, and, capturing as they do the spirit of the poet, are in themselves a major achievement. *2 volumes, boxed,* $10.00

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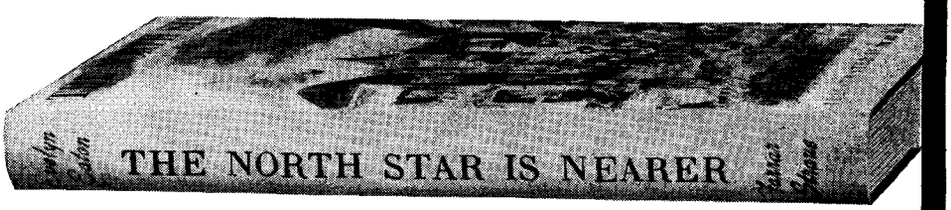

NOEL F. BUSCH's engrossing biography of Henry Luce's boyhood friend and late partner, the brilliant young man who was co-founder of *Time*. A millionaire at 30, Hadden died at 31. Busch worked under him on *Time*, and his intimate chronicle reveals "the color and fire of the man and the fabulous office through which he stormed . . . as fantastic and more authentic than in any of the novels written around them."

—LEWIS GANNETT, *Herald Tribune.* $3.00

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A N N O U N C I N G —

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ACTIONS AND REACTIONS

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

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"The story of (the author's) boyhood is almost as interesting as that of Tom Sawyer . . ."
—*Springfield Republican.*

"The pictures of childhood and family life are delightful. Written with naive directness."—*Special Libraries.*

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simply signed up Mike's daughter, Irma Drooz, to do a book called "Doctor of Medicine." When he turned in the poster, Mike also snared a contract for a semi-autobiographical novel of his own. Suggested title: "Cheaper by the Gross." . . .

ROOTS. . . . One of Wolcott Gibbs's first book reviews for *The New Yorker* disposed in a single sentence of a volume that told people how to enjoy merriment. "The author," wrote Mr. Gibbs, "not only has gotten American humor on the ground, but broken its arm." . . . Ben Grauer, suave and polished maestro of a half dozen radio and television shows, made his professional debut in the unlikely role of Tyl Tyl in Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird." One of the little sprites who supported him was Claire Trevor, recent winner of an Oscar in Hollywood. . . . Sterling North's first job as master of ceremonies was performed at a banquet in Chicago's Blackstone Hotel. He called upon Keith Preston to say a few words, but in rising, Mr. Preston fell backwards off the dais. Willing hands helped pull him back into view, whereupon he assured North and the audience, "They always told me that there were dark and difficult passages in Blackstone!" . . . Noel Coward once wrote a parody of Edith Sitwell's "Façade." "It was so awful," recalls Miss Sitwell, "I couldn't even sue him for libel." . . . Russel Crouse, earning eighteen dollars a week as a cub reporter in Cincinnati, was sent to cover a story in the city morgue. Without batting an eyelash, he saw a body neatly cut up into forty pieces. An hour later at dinner, however, his hostess put a platter of frogs' legs before him, and Crouse promptly fainted. . . . George Denny, moderator

---

Pegasus, Gauche

By Norma Lay

NOW in the year's diastole
when bush and tree
shrink into leafless
torpor, a red roan horse
lopes this pasture briskly.

Along the motionless season
his rough mane
undulates. Arc of his ancient
back stretches to spring's
periphery.

In his geometry
weed, stone, bush, tree
take line and move
vicariously.

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of Town Meeting of the Air, was a fraternity brother of Thomas Wolfe at the University of North Carolina. "Wolfe was habitually sloppy in his personal appearance," says Denny. "He didn't even bother to spruce up when he was invited to dine at the Dean's house. 'You can't go looking like that,' I protested. Wolfe answered imperturbably, 'A genius doesn't have to be immaculate!' " . . .

CUSTOMERS' YAKS. . . . A welcome harbinger of spring is bock beer, which is unfortunately limited in supply, and rationed by brewers so that all taverns may offer it for sale on the same day. This year Ballantine beat the other brewers to the gun—another example, as Rinehart's Norman Hall points out—of "breaking pub date." . . . That old card, Colonel Duffy, reports that he saw two termites gnawing at the woodwork in his cellar, and distinctly heard one of them chortle, "This'll bring the house down!" . . . The Colonel also asks: "Why is a bustle like a historical romance?" Answer: "Both are fictitious tales based on stern reality." . . . A lady in a local bookstore picked up a copy of Van Wyck Mason's "Cutlass Empire" and asked Steve Platou, "What's this all about?" "It's a fine, swashbuckling tale," enthused Platou, "all about the career of Sir Henry Morgan." "Not for me," said the lady firmly. "I heard him on the radio the other night and thought he was crazy."

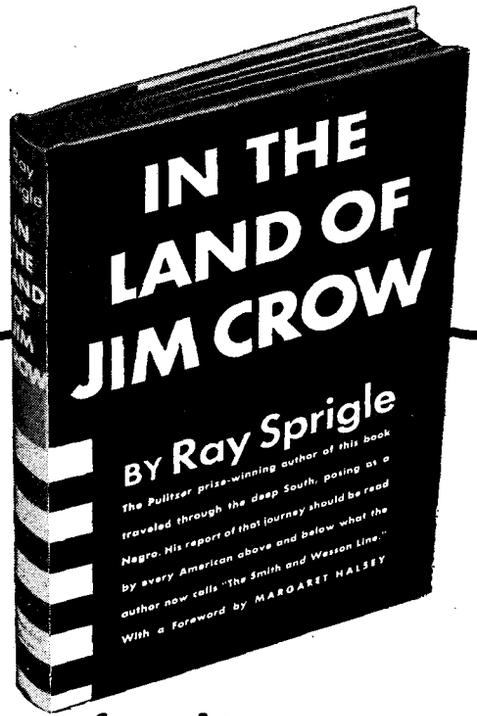
Dr. George Gallup, the unquenchable pollster, was driving casually down the right-hand lane of a Los Angeles super-highway recently when, on a sudden impulse, he made a sharp left turn. The chauffeurs of two cars speeding in the outer lanes avoided him by a miracle, but a motorcycle cop did not. "Your license, mister," he demanded angrily. When he read it, he inquired, "Not *the* George Gallup?" Yes, I am," admitted Gallup sheepishly. "Too bad, doctor," said the cop. "I'm afraid you have just made your *second* serious mistake!" —BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 791)

B. MOON:

THE HIGH COST OF PREJUDICE

The launching of such a project [a State University for New York] merely to fight bias and discrimination seems the costliest kind of folly. . . . . It results in a different kind of ghetto. . . . Minorities of all kinds would concentrate into the proposed New York State school.


IN THE LAND OF JIM CROW
BY Ray Sprigle
The Pulitzer prize-winning author of this book traveled through the deep South, posing as a Negro. His report of that journey should be read by every American above and below what the author now calls "the Smith and Wesson Line."
With a Foreword by MARGARET HALSEY

The story of a white newspaperman who lived as a Negro in the South —and didn't like it.

WHEN RAY SPRIGLE, Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter, first suggested the idea to his editors they agreed it might make a good story. He wanted to pose as a Negro, living black in the white South, to find out what life in the land of Jim Crow was really like.

That's how it started.

For four fear-filled weeks Ray Sprigle ate, slept, traveled, lived black. He lodged in Negro households. He ate in Negro restaurants. He crept through the back and side doors of railroads and bus stations. He met and talked with hundreds of Negro leaders, colored Americans, whites. He saw and listened, learned and cringed.

He deliberately sought the evil and the barbarous aspects of the white South's treatment of the Negro. That was his assignment, and that was his story. He came back with a sensational news scoop.

Less than half of the material has appeared in newspapers. This book contains the whole shocking, almost incredible story of how, for ten million American citizens, the American way of life is nothing but a pipedream. It is not a preachy book; it merely reports the facts as a skillful and courageous newspaper reporter found them.

IN THE LAND OF JIM CROW

By RAY SPRIGLE. Foreword by MARGARET HALSEY
$2.50, at all bookstores. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS

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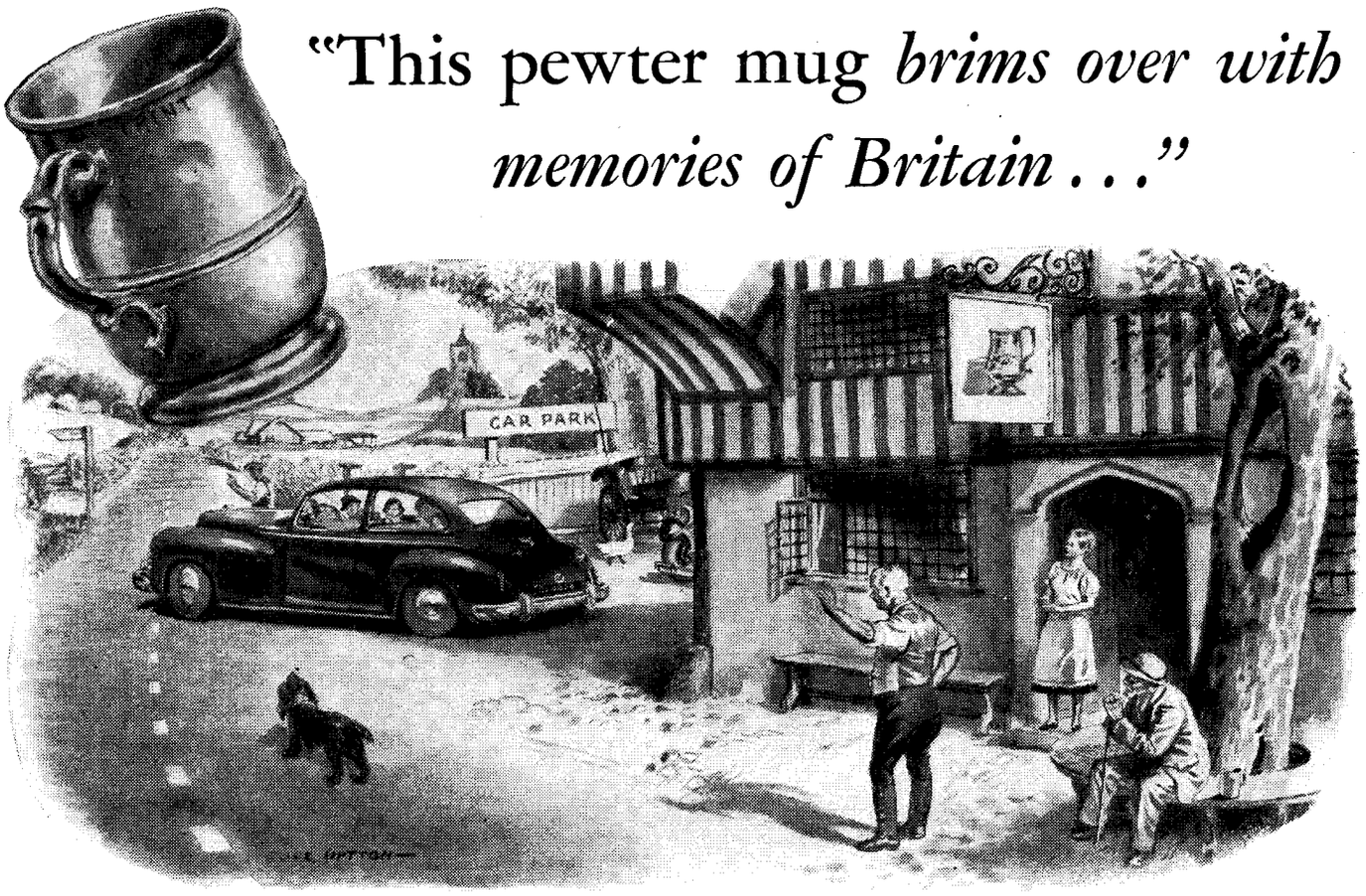
"This pewter mug *brims over with memories of Britain . . .*"

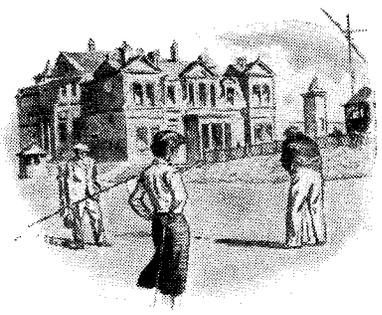


"We stayed outside London—but in easy reach—at an old-world country inn. That's where this pewter mug came from. My ale was never served in any other. '*Your* tankard', the landlord used to call it.

"And when the time came to say good-bye, he had it wrapped up and waiting for me. 'A small reminder of your stay with us', he said. 'It's old and dented and not worth much—but back home it'll likely call to mind the happy days you spent here.'

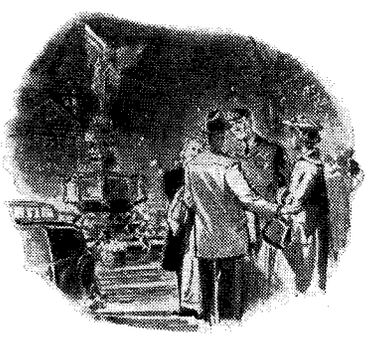
"Now, what friendly thoughts of Britain the sight of it brings back! For it helps us remember our welcome, too, by so *many* kindly British people. And it starts us off again, in memory, on that wonderful, varied tour . . ."

"Remember the Welsh National Eisteddfod, with its age-old ritual and those Druids' robes . . . and the beauty of the choral singing in the open air?"



"Remember the thrill of playing 'round 'Royal and Ancient' St. Andrews . . . and how you sank that putt for a 'birdie' at the 18th hole?"

"Remember the R.A.F. pilot who'd become a baseball fan when training here during the war . . . and who stopped us in Piccadilly to ask how the Red Sox were doing?"



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The Saturday Review of Literature

The S-F Phenomenon in Literature

CLAIRE HOLCOMB

WHEN the March 1944 issue of *Astounding Science-Fiction* hit the newsstands near our big wartime weapons research centers, sales were brisk as usual. But many of the magazine's regular readers, among them technicians, engineers, and scientists found their requests for that particular issue met with a "Sold out. Sorry."

A diligent group of quiet men had seen to that. Shortly after it appeared, they began to buy up copies of the March issue. Two days later in the office of the Manhattan Project's security officer, a secretary was surprised to find stacks of the magazines bundled away in a safe.

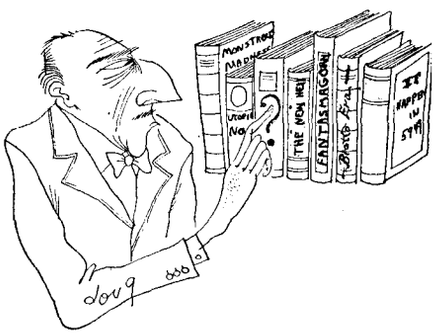
But even more surprised two days later was *Astounding*'s editor, John W. Campbell, Jr., when he received a visit from grim-faced agents of Military Intelligence. "What about this story 'Deadline'?" they demanded. Who? What? Why? How? The grilling went on for hours.

"Deadline," it seems, was a war-adventure story set on another planet. In it a spy steals the enemy's secret weapon. But—and this is what the Military Intelligence bemoaned—the stolen weapon was an atomic bomb—America's top wartime secret.

And what's more, the story calmly relayed the information that U-235 could be used for bombs, that small quantities of U-235 were safe but that larger ones exploded spontaneously, that bringing two safe amounts together would set off the bomb, and that some scientists feared an atomic explosion might start a world-destroying chain reaction.

How could a science-fiction writer—or, as he is known in the trade, an s-f writer—stumble onto all that? Someone on the Manhattan Project must have talked. Who started it? Where was the leak?

Yet no one had violated security regulations—intentionally. Campbell, an MIT-trained engineer turned writer and editor, showed the officers a 1940 copy of the *Physical Review* which had provided information on



how a bomb might be made and detonated. Cleve Cartmill, a newspaperman, had written the yarn after Campbell suggested technical details.

Eventually the agents exonerated both author and editor of espionage and assorted crimes. But there was talk of forcing Campbell's magazine to comply with the wartime regulation set down for most publications—to ignore the atom.

Campbell argued that atomic energy had been a favorite theme of science fiction ever since 1914, when H. G. Wells in "The World Set Free" forecast destruction of cities by atom bombs dropped from airplanes. "*Astounding* provides escape stories for thousands of scientists and technical men in the country. If we suddenly cut one line of escape, they'll know there's something up," he maintained.

Thus it was that an s-f magazine came close to giving away the country's top wartime secret—and got off without a spanking.

Astounding Science-Fiction, a monthly published by Street & Smith, began life as a pulp paper magazine, but the quality of its stories, articles, editorials, and book reviews has consistently been far higher than that of its paper.

Magazines with higher rates of pay have begun to take over some of *Astounding*'s writers. Robert Heinlein, for instance, sold the first stories of his Future History Series to *AS-F*. He has continued this series but nowadays the Future History stories he writes, "The Green Hills of Earth" for one, are being sold to *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Astounding owes its leadership in the science-fiction field to its editor, who, trained as a scientist, strives to put out a magazine that will amuse and stimulate scientists. Many of the names on its subscription list, as well as exceptionally large newsstand sales at Oak Ridge, Los Alamos, Columbia University, Harvard Square, Berkeley, and other technical research centers where scientists are concentrated, indicate that the magazine hits its mark.

Isaac Asimov, one of *Astounding*'s regular writers, can vouch for the fact that its readers turn up at unexpected times and places. While taking his doctor's oral in chemistry recently, a professor posed a final question. "Mr. Asimov, will you please tell us something about the thermo-dynamics of thiotimoline?" Then Asimov knew his ordeal was over, for thiotimoline with its marvelous properties existed only in one of his own stories. The professor was evidently his reader as well as his examiner.

ALTHOUGH the publication of magazines devoted exclusively to science fiction is an American phenomenon dating from the late 1920's, the stories themselves have a long and honorable lineage. Science fiction deals with man's dreams and fears which, in days gone by, found expression in poetry, myth, or fairy story. The ancient dream of flight, for instance, inspired tales of the flying carpet. Hundreds of scientific and technical discussions had to be made before the flying carpet could materialize into an airplane.

Almost every development of modern life has been foreseen by writers—sometimes specifically just ahead of the fact, as in the case of "Deadline," sometimes hazily, centuries ahead of time.

Early in the seventeenth century, twentieth-century plumbing was "invented" by writers in two different

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countries—Johann Valentin Andreae, whose "Christianopolis" was published in Germany in 1619, and Tommaso Campanella, an Italian monk, whose "City of the Sun" appeared in 1623. Francis Bacon's unfinished work, "The New Atlantis," published in 1627, anticipated "all means to convey sounds in trunks, pipes, in strange lines and distances," refrigeration, airplanes, submarines, and many other developments.

Charles Francois Tiphaigne de la Roche's "Giphantia" (1760) contained descriptions of machines something like our radio, telephone, and television. In much more detail he forecast photography and photographic film some seventy years ahead of their time. He dreamed also of dehydrated food and synthetic drink.

When in 1850 Jules Verne began to write his speculative stories about probable inventions, science fiction as we know it took form. Verne kept a sharp eye on laboratories and technical journals. Consequently, much of his fiction was just a few years ahead of reality. He anticipated the use of electricity for lights, trains, stoves, clocks, nautical instruments, and flashlights. In "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" he glamorized Bacon's submarine, which Robert Fulton, for one, had meanwhile built. And in "Floating Island" he pictured self-emptying basins, ventilators, the use of aluminum in building, and mechanical brushes for shoes.

In 1894 H. G. Wells, believing that man—willy-nilly—was embarked on a race for life against time and technology, began to write science fiction. At the outset Wells believed man could win the race. As the years proved many of his fears but few of his hopes justified, Wells grew discouraged until, in a 1937 book, "Star-Begotten," he asked cynically, "What would a world of human beings gone sane be like?" Besides anticipating atomic warfare, Wells foresaw rockets and helicopters. In "The Land Ironclads," written in 1903, he described automatic gunfire control and tanks. (Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, pleaded for armored tanks in 1915, and in 1916 their use caught the Germans unprepared.) In "A Modern Utopia" Wells envisaged air conditioning, plastics, houses heated by electricity in floors and walls, and mattresses warmed by electricity—all this in 1905.

Rudyard Kipling is not generally thought of as a science-fiction writer. Yet his "With the Night Mail" and "As Easy as A.B.C." are the only stories written before 1912 which a science-fiction magazine would print today. Provided, of course, that they were brought up to date. (Future date, that is.) Kipling projected these stories into the twenty-first century, but much of his fiction has already been realized; air paths and flight levels set by law, altimeters, electric control boards showing air-traffic positions, radio-controlled machinery, the automatic pilot. Kipling also wrote of a weapon that used sound to play on the "raw fibre of the brain." Supersonic weapons now under development promise to be far more deadly than his.

MODERN science fiction continues to predict inventions but its degree of accuracy cannot be fairly measured before some years have passed. Of ideas that have been realized, many are weapons, since warfare has been a primary concern of engineers and technicians during recent years.

When he wrote "The Mightiest Machine" in 1932, Campbell dreamed up a rocket with a television transmitter in its nose. The rocket could be guided by remote control and its flight followed on a television receiver. A few "bat" bombs very like Campbell's spy rocket were developed during the war. They were used on vital targets in Burma, which could not otherwise have been hit from planes forced to fly as high as six miles above the ground. But a bombardier, watching his television receiver, could direct the bomb's drop by radio since he was looking through its "eye."

Another gadget in Campbell's book gave night sight to soldiers by sending out invisible rays of infrared light and turning the reflected rays into a visible image. An instrument similar to this was used on Okinawa. Named the snooperscope, it made our night sniping a terror to the enemy.

Besides visualizing future gadgets, science-fiction writers aim to amuse, and in this William Tenn, for one, succeeds. He likes to dabble with the future, juxtaposing it on the present.

In "Errand Boy" Tenn tells of a lost-looking youngster who wanders into a paint store and offers to make himself useful. He is given the usual eager-beaver treatment, but instead of sending him out for a left-handed monkey wrench, the boss tells him to go get some red polka dot paint. The boy, a refugee from the future, brings in a paint can and when the boss tries it out, it *is* red polka dot paint! An escape story—pure and simple—in this case, escape from the future.

In another story, "Child's Play," Tenn tells about an express package supposed to be delivered in 2153 which, by a future post-office error, lands in the present on the doorstep of one Sam Weber. It's a "Build-A-Man" kit, something like an Erector set, with which you can assemble human beings. Weber builds a duplicate of himself.

The Census Keeper from the future arrives. Sam's duplicate is out of place in time and must be killed. Being human, the duplicate wants to live as much as Sam does. Sam and his model argue with the Keeper, each trying to prove himself the original, and the Keeper kills the wrong one!

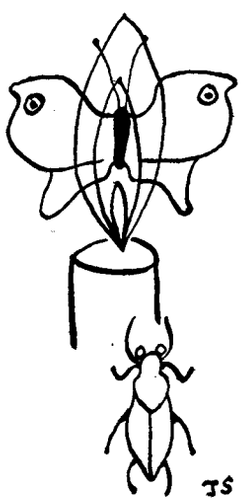
Good science fiction both interests and anticipates, but some of the best philosophizes too. It is on this philosophical aspect that writers such as Thomas More, Jonathan Swift, Samuel Butler, and our contemporaries Aldous Huxley and Olaf Stapledon have concentrated. When dignified by time, literary prestige, or philosophical pretension, critics call this kind of science fiction—if optimistic—utopian, if pessimistic—satire.

Philosophical science fiction draws its themes from present tendencies which it exaggerates and projects ahead. For example, writers have long worried about what may happen to man when machines do the major part of his work. Will he lose initiative, curiosity, and imagination?

Samuel Butler's "Erewhon" (Nowhere, backwards) posed this ques-

(Continued on page 36)

Atomic Age Fables



X. The Flight of the Moth

WHY does the moth fly into the flame? Beetles seek the answer.

"Why do you persist," a beetle asked a moth, "you know that you are doomed when you fly into it. Who makes you lose your reason? What is it that you are fleeing from?"

"From the questions of beetles," answered the moth. —J. S.

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Writing. *As James A. Michener pointed out in his article "Reading Before Writing"* [SRL *April* 30], *the would-be author cannot learn to write merely through reading, but he most certainly can derive from it hints and inspiration that will help him achieve his goal. During its lifetime* SRL *has published many essays useful for this purpose, including Thomas Wolfe's now classic "Story of a Novel." Two articles that recently appeared in these pages—Herschel Brickell's on book reviewing and Esther Forbes's on historical novels—are included in "Writers on Writing," Mr. Brickell's helpful book described below. . . . Writers, aspiring and arrived, will find much to intrigue and aid them in the experiences of Dostoievsky recorded in "The Diary of a Writer" (reviewed here by Mary Colum), as well as in the specialized new studies on Hawthorne, Goethe, and Monsignor Knox, noted more briefly.*

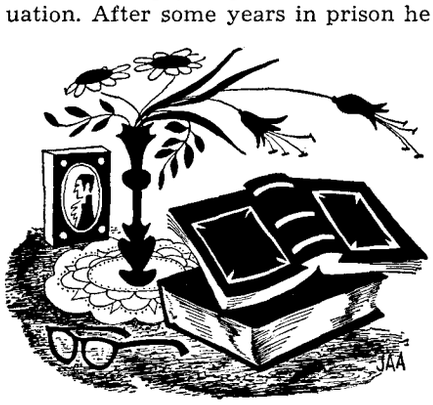
Dostoievsky—Russia in Miniature

THE DIARY OF A WRITER. By F. M. Dostoievsky. Translated and annotated by Boris Brasol. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1949. 2 *vols.* 1,097 *pp.* $12.50.

Reviewed by MARY M. COLUM

AT THE risk of being considered a fellow-traveler, the present reviewer would like to recommend Dostoievsky's "Diary of a Writer" to all those who represent us in international politics. As a help to understanding contemporary Russia, understanding not only its politics, but the emotions, the temperament, the religion, the irreligion of the Russian people, with their unprecedented urge towards universality, nothing can beat these volumes written in the Seventies of the last century.

A great national writer represents in miniature his country: Dostoievsky, somehow, represents more of Russia than any other Russian writer because he embodies the mysterious spirituality of the Slavic portion of it. Tolstoy in comparison with him is a Western, a European as Dostoievsky himself would say, and Tourgeniev more so. Freud is said to have declared that he could not read Dostoievsky's novels because the characters inhabiting them were of the type of his patients. Certainly, most of us have read opinions of Dostoievsky to the effect that he was a case of borderline insanity. Actually anyone who has more intellect, emotion, and imagination than his fellow men is likely to be considered abnormal, as in a way, of course, he is. But Dostoievsky seems to have been really of a sanity, of a psychic stability, that in his circumstances was miraculous. He passed through experiences that would have been likely to have driven most men over the borderline. What these experiences did to him was to give him a more intense sympathy and understanding for humanity. His first triumph as a writer was to win the approval of the influential Russian critic Bielinsky. Dostoievsky could not help but respond to the critic's admiration for "Poor Folk," and he got himself mixed up in a circle with which he had really little in common. The critic was the typical atheistic revolutionary, and he used to declare that the revolution must necessarily begin with atheism. Dostoievsky was the profoundly religious Russian, apocalyptic in spirit as the religious Russian tends to be, and he could have little sympathy with the general ideas of the group, in which was conspicuous the revolutionary leader Petrashevsky. With other members of the circle he found himself arrested as a subversive character and was among those condemned to be shot. The condemned were given their white shirt shrouds and placed in front of a firing squad, but dramatically, at the last moment, they were reprieved. That some of them were never really sane men again is not to be wondered at. It has been said that Dostoievsky's attacks of epilepsy originated in this situation. After some years in prison he had to spend more years in Siberia side by side with criminals; in this book he tells us what he learned of their psychology, the psychology of people who commit irrational crimes, as well as that of the bureaucrats who tyrannize over them. He got all he learned into the extraordinary "Crime and Punishment," "The Idiot," "The Brothers Karamazov."



One cannot help a conviction, from reading "The Diary of a Writer" (not properly a diary at all, but a series of articles contributed to periodicals on every subject that interested him), that the Russian Revolution certainly did not derive from Marxism but from piled up and slowly developed ideas characteristically Russian, in which religion and irreligion equally played a role. When the ideas were being developed Marxism in Russia was unknown, and the mistake made by our American intellectuals who went to visit the Promised Land was that they expected to find genuine Marxism in action, with the state withering away as Marx had promised. Maybe that is the mistake we Westerners still make. Indeed, the late Russian philosopher Berdyaev insists that the Russian Revolution happened entirely "according to Dostoievsky," and we cannot help but come to a similar conclusion as we read the so-called "Diary." He is an oracle and he can indicate, like the ancient oracles, what is going to happen. He tells us about things that were latent in his time and have come to pass in ours.

There is very little about literature in these two volumes beyond an undercurrent revealing Russia's great interest in literature and its excitement about every new Russian book that came out. And there is given, too, his famous speech on Pushkin. These were the days of the first publications of Tolstoy and Tourgeniev. A very exciting world opens to us in the pages of the "Diary." The Russians are discovering themselves to be a Slav people with sympathies with other Slav peoples, especially those oppressed by the Turks. Russia goes to war with Turkey and with what Dostoievsky believes to be enormous armies, fifty thousand men on each side, with strange new weapons, in this case long-range rifles. The slogan "Eastern Europe for the Slavs" was getting under way. Dostoievsky knew the psychic conditions that would eventuate in the world we now live in.

It is very enlightening to compare this diary with the journals of André Gide. Gide is concerned with himself, his own personality; he is bookish, sedentary, over-cultivated in the arts, intellectually over-sophisticated, emotionally meager, and, consequent on

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this, without an inner unity in his work. Dostoievsky is a man of powerful emotions, powerful intellect, and intuitions, and consequently he can penetrate to the center of any subject that engages him. Read him, for instance, on the military problem of the Franco-German war and of the advantage the French might have had if, with their new rifles, they had taken to the defensive rather than to the offensive. Read him on the psychology of the Russian people, on the fact that in Russia truth almost invariably assumes a fantastic character and "a courteous reciprocity in lying is virtually the prime condition of Russian society." Then he notes that the Russian abroad is always on the defensive —"they don't know how to behave in public; they speak in a loud manner when everybody else is silent, and they cannot utter a single word politely and naturally when it is necessary to speak." So it is not because they want to glorify the proletariat that they do this in diplomatic situations!

Dostoievsky's deep compassion is everywhere apparent in the "Diary," a compassion completed by his psychologic insight and knowledge. He is terribly disturbed at the unfairness of trials by juries in law courts, at the habits of lawyers twisting the law every way it can be twisted in favor of their clients. His intense mind fastens itself on the trial of a man for mercilessly flogging his little illegitimate daughter and on the lawyer's unscrupulous plea for him, with his attempt to place the child in a criminal position. The little girl herself who seems somehow to have the Russian bent towards confessing things that relieve the court says, "I am a thief, I am a liar." And there is the case of the young pregnant woman who, harassed by her husband's nagging, threw her stepdaughter out the window. Dostoievsky's insight into that woman's mind and into the pathological conditions liable to be in pregnancy surpasses anything that Freud himself could have revealed. This woman, too, obliges the court by confessing, and is given a prison term and exile to Siberia for life, though the child thrown out the window was unharmed. Of course there is repetition in "The Diary of a Writer," but amongst things that are distant and unfamiliar there is a tremendous amount that gives us the shock of recognition, for Dostoievsky is telling us of all the steps and leaps of a revolution that came to pass in our time, the effects of which have made the world we live in today, and about which we have only the most cloudy understanding.

Editorial Tutelage

WRITERS ON WRITING. Edited by Herschel Brickell. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1949. 309 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GORHAM MUNSON

THIS volume, benevolently edited by Herschel Brickell, is another example of the improvement that has been going on in books addressed to people who want to write. Until a few years ago, the beginning writer was not well served by books of instruction. Literary criticism fed his mind and sensibility, but literary criticism is concerned with the upper levels of reading experience. It does not, as a rule, focus on the primitive levels, on the elemental things that attract a reader and keep him reading and make him feel a simple pleasure in reading. Literary criticism is too sophisticated for the workshop in which a craft must be learned. Academic texts on writing did concern themselves with craft fundamentals, but they also were unsuited to the needs of the "I want to write" public. This was because they necessarily had to be addressed to a great many students who didn't especially want to write; they had to include exercises and models for analysis that too often were put there simply to keep students busy; and, finally, they gave assignments to people who knew they did not have a task on their hands to get their stuff read. The last point is important. The hapless professor *has* to read and grade his students' writings, whereas outside the classroom the reader is free to escape from writing that does not win his interest. Consequently, the academic text on writing seldom conveyed any sense of the real reader-writer relationship. The man writing it knew his students *had* to read it, and the students knew that their themes *had* to be read by the instructor, a dull, enervating situation that reverses the facts of publishing life. Into the gap left by the literary critics and the formal teachers poured a number of pseudo-teachers, boastful men and women with rampant commercial instincts but feeble literary talent. They proclaimed "the easy way to mastery of the pen" and peddled "formulas" and even "plot machines." They played the beginning writer for a sucker, and some of them developed petty swindles.

Since 1943, however, when "The Reader Over Your Shoulder," by Robert Graves and Alan Hodge, appeared, the grip of the cheap writing racketeer has been broken by a number of books revealing a trend of which "Writers on Writing" is the latest example. This trend consists of honest editorial advice to amateur writers. Its teaching is informal, like the talk of an editor to a contributor whose manuscript needs revision. Its standard is publishability, which is very broad and can be very high. Its emphasis is on readability, which concentrates on the primitive responses of a reader. A fine example of this kind of practical editor's talk on how-to-write is Betty Finnin's piece, "Why I Rejected Some Stories," which Mr. Brickell has included here.

Two other first-rate examples of editorial tutelage are David Woodbury's "Writing About Science" and Eric P. Kelly's "Writing for Younger Readers." Of the writer's relation to the reader, Mr. Woodbury well says: "Your art lies in causing him to want what you want him to want," and he brilliantly uses a railroad journey analogy to show that a piece of good writing is dynamic ("It moves; it carries you from one place to another. Mentally, you are not in the same position at the end of the reading as at the beginning"). Mr. Kelly knows what a story really is: "What happens? Ask the listeners. Listen, and I will tell you, and gradually approaching the subject with breath more and more bated, with the volume of interest increasing ever from page to page, the Climax suddenly burst upon us with devastating force like a clap of thunder. *That's* what happened—*that's* the story."

The poetry teachers in this volume —Rolfe Humphries, Loyd Haberly, Robert P. Tristram Coffin—do an exceptionally good job in giving practical hints on poetic training, although Mr. Coffin works too hard at trying to "inspire" his students. The rest of the volume is sound, diluted here and there with commonplace literary criticism and in two or three spots with articles that read like contributions to the "writers' magazines." The total effect is to make one think very well of the University of New Hampshire Writers' Conference, from which this collection stems.

Writing Notes

HAWTHORNE'S LAST PHASE, by Edward Hutchins Davidson. Yale University Press. $3.75. There must be something of a Hawthorne revival in progress, for within the last few months no less than three full-length biographies of him have been issued. The present monograph about his last "phase"—using a term that has been popularized by the Henry James re-

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vivalists—is based on the fragments and studies for the four romances which Hawthorne tried to write from 1860 to 1864. In his major phase he had published four great romances in the space of ten years; but between his return from abroad and his death he fumbled, and here is the evidence. Mr. Davidson has edited the fragments conscientiously, and no doubt they are useful to an understanding of the craft of Hawthorne's fiction. But it is difficult to ascertain exactly why he failed, and Mr. Davidson's hypotheses are not entirely convincing. Hawthorne was not as deliberate and self-conscious an artist as James (who left a series of acute prefaces to display the processes of his magic); and the commentators have a freer hand in explaining both his successes and his failures.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS, by E. S. Turner. Transatlantic Arts. $3.25. Several years ago George Orwell, in his memorable essay "Boys' Weeklies," attacked the penny-dreadfuls; but they had been attacked repeatedly, and had survived since they began to appear in the 1840's. Mr. Turner's illustrated and documented book, while defending them, is mainly a description of the most famous serials that have palpitated generations of British boys. Like a reminiscent old-timer sitting in his club, he genially reviews their crude and fantastic worlds of imagination. Occasionally his defense is overt, as when he remarks: "But adolescence will not, and should not, be baulked of its heroic fancies. Reality comes all too soon." (That hardly answers Mr. Orwell's main charge that the weeklies foster snobbery and gutter patriotism.) The value of this book lies in its full exposition of a phase of popular culture which may soon be historic. Many of the serials were casualties of World War II; and the recent decision of an American publisher to stop issuing pulp magazines may be another indication that the penny-dreadful and the dime novel have given way to the comic book and the radio serial. Maybe this proves that to some the cartoon and the sound effect convey blood and thunder more vividly than mere words.

THE TESTAMENT OF WERTHER IN POETRY AND DRAMA, by Stuart Pratt Atkins. Harvard University Press. $4.50. In 1774 appeared Goethe's novel "The Sorrows of Young Werther," a psychological romance about a sentimental youth who loves, suffers, and commits suicide. Werther immediately became a model for the mor-

(*Continued on page* 29)

Fiction. *A collection of Adela Rogers St. Johns's dramatic stories deserves a place in anybody's library. "Never Again and Other Stories" is a selection from her best work over the twenty-five years during which she has entertained readers of all the great magazines. There is a fascinating running commentary that is alone worth the price of admission. From different worlds than Mrs. St. Johns's come other titles worth checking. Merle Colby's "The Big Secret" should be starred as one of the first novels of the atomic age, since it deals with the struggle in Washington for control over this fabulous source of power and wealth in the future. In "The Happy Time," by Sheila Kaye-Smith there is the fine story of a woman's belated romance set in the heart of a snowbound Sussex village. Elsie Oakes Barker's "The Trembling Years" explains in the terms of a suffering girl's mind what it is like to be young and pretty, to fall a victim of infantile paralysis, and then to find a way out to normal life. Roark Bradford's last book, "The Green Roller," is about his familiar people who talk to God as a compassionate friend and neighbor.*

Smile Shining Through Tears

NEVER AGAIN AND OTHER STORIES. By Adela Rogers St. Johns. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1949. 304 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HOLLIS ALPERT

"WHAT happens to a woman very much in love with her husband when he goes to jail for ten years?" This question was posed Adela Rogers St. Johns by the editor of one of our largest family magazines. Eventually from it she fashioned one of the short stories that have made her name familiar to literally millions of magazine readers, and it is now included in a collection of eighteen of the many stories she has written during more than twenty-five years of a quite fabulous career. Her training as a slick-fiction headliner came via the newspaper business, and in a bright introduction to "Never Again and Other Stories" she gives it as her opinion that reporting "as I knew it" is the greatest of all training schools for fiction writing. That little phrase—"as I knew it"—is an important one, for it is doubtful that we can any longer find in the business such figures as the "Great Girl Reporter" James Montgomery Flagg once drew when she was covering the Edward VIII and Wally Simpson story. That was in 1936, and he failed to listen to her protests that the title was misleading, since she had just become a grandmother (at the age of thirty-nine).

—James Montgomery Flagg.

Adela Rogers St. Johns: "There isn't even such a thing as forbidden fruit any more."

But to get back to that question the editor asked: it took four months before the story jelled in her mind, and the answer came only after she found a suitable title, "Maid, Wife, Not Widow." The answer she gave was of the "smile-shining-through-tears" kind. But the editor bought the story, and it was through such answers to a variety of such questions that she has fashioned a lot of the stories in this volume. Surprisingly, often the problems around which her stories center have been handed to her by editors, a testament to her dependability and her popularity, but just as often her sources for material have come directly from facts in her own life and background. The generous notes with which she has introduced each story give much of this pertinent information, and she tells an interesting little anecdote in them about the time Franklin D. Roosevelt gave her an idea for a story. It's worked out in the one called "Forever America," and a pleasantly happy ending is provided.

The notes often provide commentaries on the obstacles Mrs. St. Johns has met (and conquered) during the

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writing of popular magazine stories. There is always the consciousness on her part that she is writing for a tremendously large audience, and she has always felt the necessity to *say* something to them. That these are homely "truths" by and large there is no gainsaying, but like all writers in any medium she believes in the people she sets down on paper, and she speaks to them and through them. Those who still remain under the delusion that such stories can be tossed off in a tongue-in-the-cheek manner had better read her statement carefully. Much toil, much determination to do her best, have gone into the construction of her stories. Nor is she always inspirational. Such pieces as "Walking on Air" and "Never Again" (the first deals with marijuana smoking, the second with drinking) are worked out uncompromisingly. They contain warnings rather than faiths.

You can also discern, through the notes and the stories, changes which have occurred in the popular-story pattern through the last couple of decades. There is an increasingly freer treatment of sex relations, for instance, and she speaks of how difficult it has become to write the boy-meets-girl type of story. ("There isn't even such a thing as forbidden fruit anymore.") It isn't, as Faith Baldwin recently put it in an interview, that the reader has become so much sophisticated as accustomed.

But anyone who will read the popular magazines with some care will notice another and more important change as well. The fact of the matter is that "serious" stories are now and again appearing in *Good Housekeeping*, *Cosmopolitan*, the *Post*, and *Collier's*, to select some at random. Very often the humorous stories have a high and subtle entertainment value. A few large-audience journals like *Mademoiselle*, *Charm*, and *Harper's Bazaar* will print nothing but a serious kind of fiction. A New York literary agent with a stable that includes some of the best younger American writers can point to his sales records to show how year by year during the past decade more and more of his "good" stories have been sold to high-paying mass markets.

What has happened, perhaps, is that many of the editors have been showing a kind of split literary personality. Recognition has come in almost all circles to the kind of story that Martha Foley and Herschel Brickell have been championing in their yearly anthologies. Editors have been caught between their own discernments and preferences and the "escape" tradition which has dominated the popular field for so long. They will often work out a balance, printing the better stories alongside those which come from what one such editor termed "the usual sources of supply." Some of them feel that the comprehension and tastes of their audiences have been underestimated, yet in the choosing of stories they feel constrained to adhere to the long established patterns. Circulation and advertising revenue figures, in addition, can always be used as a check to excessive enthusiasm.

And it can hardly be doubted that the aura surrounding a name like that of Adela Rogers St. Johns still sells lots of copies. You'll find it this very month, in large letters, the only name on the cover of one of the glossiest of all our magazines.

The Twdwrs of Cardiff

SOME TRUST IN CHARIOTS. By Jack Jones. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1949. 381 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

THE Welsh are a tough people, fond of hard work, money, religion, and women. Or so it says here. Most of the time in South Wales was spent by most of the people crawling on hands and knees in the choking dust of mines in those hills of coal. The rest of it they passed singing gloriously in chapels where three long sermons made the best possible Sunday. Much money is also made by men who worked hard at businesses above ground, marry many wives, and have rafts of children, fine houses, mistresses, gold sovereigns, a deep sense of religion, and an insatiable appetite for life. The Welsh had also tremendous religious revivals, oratorios, theatres, mine explosions, unemployment, depressions, the dole, and a lot of politics.

All these things go to make up a novel that hurtles with incredible detail through the best part of a century of the booming city of Cardiff, with a bewildering speed that often seems not to be going anywhere at all. The main characters are a son and nephew of that proud countrywoman Elizabeth Twdwr, to whom the Tudor kings of England were only unimportant offshoots of a great family. The religious one is Rhys. The lusty one is Harry. More and more, as the crowding scenes go by in which the Twdwrs become rich, the sexual pranks of Harry carry the narrative. Otherwise the story is one of South Wales itself in the great prosperity of the industrial age and the long, slow decline of the war and the depression. Even the vigorous Welsh seem at the end to be taking some thought as to the real merits of a way of life which once all of them felt was superb. Not, of course, the always exuberant, the indomitable Harry.

—From the book.

The most ingratiating and unusual part of this novel, which seemed often to me almost more crowded than I could bear, is that Jack Jones writes it, long as it is, in what is undoubtedly a Welsh colloquial story-telling style. He pours out all those characters, statistics, events, conversations, as if he had you by the lapel, dropping his voice more confidentially at the bedroom bits, with a shine in the eye, adding his own opinions freely, like a curious, gossiping neighbor. It is a style that by its very humanness makes you friendly to all this pouring vigor. It hustles and nudges and entices you along, dropping winks and side remarks, so that you never have time to think. Without the charm of the style it would be harder to take, in spite of Harry's exploits and that amazing scene toward the end with the two old girls and Harry in the same house.

They say this book is having a great vogue in England. Its lusty vigor, its headlong rush, the knowledge and understanding it gives of a whole countryside, a way of life, a people, over a long period of time, may make it read popularly here. But for me now, let me catch my breath.

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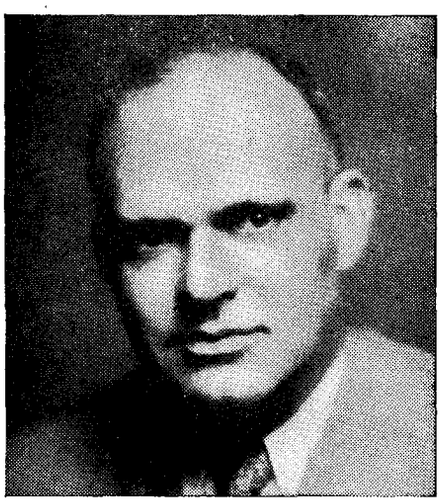
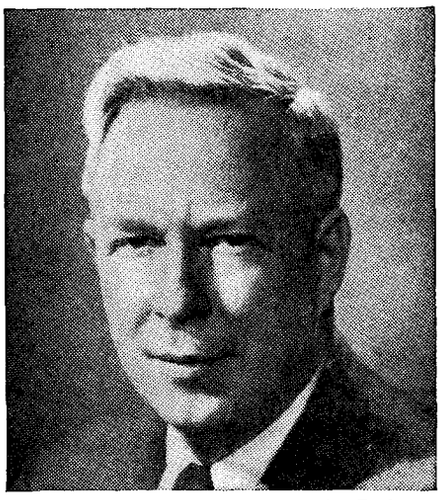


—*Pinchot.*

Roark Bradford—"poetical speculations on the nature of the universe."



—*Fabian Bachrach.*

Merle Colby—"more light on political institutions than on human nature."

Roark Bradford's Testament

THE GREEN ROLLER. By Roark Bradford. New York: Harper & Bros. 1949. 118 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by DAVID L. COHN

FOR A SOLID "100 years, no months, and no days," the Green Roller "preached along the bayous and the river banks. He preached in the cities and in the towns, and he preached all over Louisiana. And the people who heard him repented and cried out for salvation."

He taught others to preach and when weariness came upon him "he sat down in the shade of a cottonwood tree on the bank of Red Chute Bayou, and rested." There he talked with the Lord, and, like many a man before him wondered about Time and Eternity. The Lord explained them to Green Roller in terms of Red Chute Bayou and paid him a pretty compliment about the Roller's sermon called "The Time Is Now." "You took up fourteen dollars in that collection, that day. That was good, Fourteen dollars."

Here is the essence of the "Green Roller" and so much else that Bradford wrote: poetical speculations on the nature of the universe, its awe and mystery as evident in a catfish as in Blake's tiger burning bright, man frail but glorious, and God glorious but with human touch.

Here are sermons by disciples of the Green Roller, including one called "The Girdled Lines of Victory," dealing with the question

Now that we've whipped the enemies,
What do you reckon we better do next
To keep them scoundrels conquered?

Nebuchadnezzar, said the preacher, "chunked Daniel in a den of lines," and the Lord put them to sleep "so they wouldn't eat up His prophet." And what did Daniel do?

"The Lord," he said, "put these lines to sleep.
But who's going to keep them sleeping?
They won't do me no evil tonight,
But they'll eat me up in the morning!
Wherefore, I'll girdle up these lines!"

These sermons are filled with striking images, the moving beauty of the simple speech of a people simple in the sense that they spend their lives with the wind, the weather, and growing things, the knowledge that man is not perfect and the Lord, therefore, does not ask perfection of him, the further knowledge that without faith he is a shriveled gourd. The preacher is talking about Ezekiel's wheel-within-a-wheel:

Remember that little wheel runs by faith?
Well, what I mean, it is whirling!
Now man makes faith, and man is in a rush,
Because he ain't got long to stay here.
. . . His faith so thin, his life so short,
I mean, he's got to hustle.

If God created man in His image, it may also be that every man creates God in his image. If this be true, the God of these sermons is sprung from Bradford's heart: just but merciful, busied with his universe but not too busy to listen in on a sermon delivered at Dry Prong, Louisiana, tender to sinners, and filled with laughter.

"Green Roller" is Bradford's last book. And the last line in this volume of moralities is his testament to men if so modest a man could think of himself leaving a testament:

"Don't be proud and foolish."

Atomic Freedom

THE BIG SECRET. By Merle Colby. New York: The Viking Press. 1949. 373 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

ALREADY there is a vast expository literature, viewing the subject from many angles, about atomic energy. But Mr. Colby's book is a new thing, as new as tomorrow; it is a novel dealing with the devotion of an atomic scientist to the discipline of his subject and with a political struggle for control of the industrial uses of atomic power. In both undertakings it is an informed, skilful, and highly readable book.

"The Big Secret" is the story of Dan Upstead, red-headed, gum-chewing young scientist from a small college in Maine, who comes to Washington on a May morning in a near-future year to attend the annual meeting of the National Physical Association. Dan expected to be in Washington overnight, long enough to hear a paper by the eminent mathematician Christopher Trebst and to make some computations on the vast mechanical brain of the Relay Calculator at the Bureau of Industrial Research. But when he found that the Government was curbing the exchange of scientific knowledge, his resistance was aroused. He stayed to fight a lone-handed battle for the scientist's freedom. He stayed for six weeks, through the sequence of amusing and frustrating episodes and the final outcome, happy for Dan and for his cause, that make up Mr. Colby's story.

During his stay in Washington Dan encountered all kinds of people—from members of the President's Cabinet to a free-swinging taxi driver, including two girls who made him think about non-scientific questions. Mr. Colby draws upon an extensive knowledge of Washington society and he provides a vivid, lively, sometimes outrageous picture of the clubs, the caucuses, the conference and committee rooms, and the play of purpose and cross-purpose that surrounds the serene eighteenth-century manor house whose white portico shines above the seven-plumed fountain in the soft May sun. From this world of human behavior, complex, confused, unstable, Dan Upstead periodically retreats (or advances) to the dimensionless universe of mathematical theory, where a man journeys alone, seeking "the meaning that is locked within meaning."

Dan began his stay in the Capital

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with the simple desire of talking for five minutes with the President about the necessity for freedom of scientific inquiry and exchange. Promptly he ran into a complex and sinister struggle for private control of atomic power. Some of the people he encountered were cynical, some were ruthless, some were grotesquely stupid. No one except the young statistician Nancy Bascomb really shared his concern for the freedom of science. Mr. Colby has done this part of his book so well, showing the selfishness, hypocrisy, and apathy in Washington and the thinly veiled power of private interests, that it is not easy to believe in the story's happy outcome. If Dan did not succeed so brilliantly, helping to write the President's statement on scientific freedom and getting his picture in the newsreels as well as getting the Government girl, this novel of political struggle in "a future year, in the first decade of the Atomic Era," might carry more impact than it does.

"The Big Secret" is a topical novel and it throws more light on political institutions and scientific theory than it does on human nature. What a reader will remember longest, I believe, are the striking metaphor with which Dan Upstead describes the hundred-story building of modern science and the appearance at a high-level cocktail party of the Bikini birthday cake (with favors inside) reproducing in confectioner's sugar the column of vapor charged with the deadly rays that are the result of man's speeding up the process of the universe's decay.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FISH, FLESH, OR FOWL?

Richmond Lattimore, of Bryn Mawr, offers twenty-five Shakespearean quotations in which the names of animals have been left blank. Allowing four points for each space you can fill correctly, a score of sixty is par, seventy-two is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 25.

1. Like quills upon the fretful .....
2. Then imitate the action of the .....
3. Methought I was enamour'd of an .....
4. Yon ribaudred nag ...
   The breese upon her, like a ..... in June,
   Hoists sails and flies.
5. ... the belching .....
   And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse.
6. Thrice and once the .. .. whined.
7. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a ..... there.
8. ... sometimes he angers me
   With telling me of the ..... and the ant.
9. ... sweet words,
   Low crooked court'sies and base ..... fawning.
10. Thou damned and luxurious ..... ,
    Offer'st me brass?
11. There is ten thousand —
    .... , villain?
    Soldiers, sir.
12. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd
    While kits and ..... prey at liberty.
13. Ay, ay, so strives the ..... with the gin.
14. Full of strange oaths and bearded like the .....
15. On the ..... 's back do I fly.
16. But, I think, thy .. .. will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book.
17. Which, like the ..... , ugly and venemous,
    Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
18. ...daffodils
    That come before the ..... dares.
19. . and my two schoolfellows,
    Whom I would trust as I would ..... fang'd.
20. Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, ... in greediness.
21. No more truth in thee than in a drawn .....
22. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very .....
23. Here in her hairs
    The painter plays the ..... , and hath woven
    A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men.
24. You show'd your teeth like .. .. , and fawn'd like hounds.
25. As ..... to wanton boys are we to the gods.

Sussex "Snowbound"

THE HAPPY TREE. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper & Bros. 1949. 279 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

THERE is in "The Happy Tree" a pleasant little episode in which the hero and heroine have tea out of an old set of Coleport china. Something of the character of that traditional English ware pervades the newest of Sheila Kaye-Smith's novels. It is surely and delicately turned and its strength is of native earth. In its gentle underglaze is enshrined the idyllic charm of the English countryside.

What sets this story apart from Miss Kaye-Smith's other tales of the Sussex scene is the winter setting. It is, in effect, a veritable Sussex "Snowbound." The historic cold wave that caught the Labor Government unprepared turned the hilly Leasan farmlands into a drifted no man's land where a lady who should have stayed home was bound to sprain a patrician ankle. The lady was Alice Candelin, neighbor to Kemp Silverden, widowed young owner of the farm named Eggs Hole. Thanks to the blizzard and the sprain, Alice and Kemp enjoyed a Joan and Darby interlude of happiness together.

They had, it is true, no spiritual right to their snowbound hour in paradise. Alice was the wife of the district's gentleman farmer and the mother of his children. But lonely Kemp was in love with Alice, and Alice—lovely, selfish Alice, *princesse lointaine* from a world of culture and sophistication—perhaps she needed brief respite from a "preposterous" husband. At any rate, there she was, playing house for a spell with her naive young lover.

Alice was sporting enough to warn Kemp that there was a side to her nature that he did not know. And indeed there was, as Kemp was to learn to his sorrow. When he did learn it, pastoral tranquillity hung in the balance, for it was the "preposterous" husband who brought the truth home to him.

"The Happy Tree" is by no means Miss Kaye-Smith's best novel. It is not so good, say, as "Joanna Godden." But even if the prolific author had written no other book, "The Happy Tree" would establish her as one of the dedicated storytellers of our time. Through her slight and innocent plot flows the essence of the rural English spirit, of a Saxon way of life adjust-

(*Continued on page 32*)

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Personal History. *The most effective way of telling the story of an institution is often in terms of an individual who played a key role in its destiny. That is the principle upon which Noel F. Busch acted when, in writing the early history of the newsmagazine* Time, *he prepared the lively biography of its co-founder Briton Hadden reviewed below.* SRL *readers will be interested to know that Henry Seidel Canby, who taught Hadden and Henry Luce at Yale, was one of their advisers during* Time's *pre-natal period. When* SRL *was founded twenty-five years ago, it shared for a time the office and financing of the infant* Time. . . . *The horrors of Nazi camps have become familiar through frequent retelling; but William H. MacDougall's beautifully written "By Eastern Windows" offers a seldom-reported story—the neglect and cruelty he observed during four years in a Jap internment camp.*

First Timeditor

BRITON HADDEN: A Biography of the Co-Founder of Time. *By Noel F. Busch. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co.* 1949. 236 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

BRITON HADDEN was twenty-five and Henry R. Luce was twenty-four when they sent the first issue of *Time, The Weekly Newsmagazine* to press at 4:00 A.M. on February 27, 1923. Six years later, to the exact hour, Hadden died of a *streptococcus viridans* infection in a New York hospital. By that time he and Luce were worth a million dollars apiece, and their once flimsy little newsmag was well on its way to becoming the plump, red-bordered, self-assured publishing institution that it is today. This book is a witty and entertaining biography of Hadden plus a nostalgic appraisal of his contribution to the Time, Incorporated, success story.

As biographer Busch tells it, Hadden was the more forceful and picturesque member of the original *Time* team. In the days when they were raising money to start the magazine, Luce often failed as a salesman because "he was shy, soft-spoken, and sincere." Hadden failed for the opposite reason—his badgering, blustering technique (which he called "the groining iron") scared prospective investors away in droves. Not until Mrs. William L. Harkness, the mother of one of their Yale acquaintances, agreed to put in $20,000 for purely personal reasons, did they begin to near their goal. Eventually they raised $86,000 (with $25,000 more guaranteed by Hadden's grandfather if they needed it) and got started.

Their original plan was to alternate each year as editor and business manager. Hadden was the first editor, and such was his unbounded enthusiasm for the job that he did not formally turn it over to Luce until January 1, 1928, nearly five years later. Even then he continued to re-edit Luce, going through the finished magazine and finding fault with practically everything. He was convinced that only he could handle his temperamental staff without a physical flareup—"If one of those writers hits Luce, it might hurt him," he said.

Actually Hadden was smaller than Luce, but he fancied himself as an athlete. All through his boyhood and prep-school days his greatest ambition was to be a professional baseball player. His muscular coordination was not quite right for the game—perhaps because he concentrated too much mental energy on it—but he continued to play with sandlot teams in Central Park long after he was editor of *Time*. There was a police rule that boys over eighteen could not play in the park, so Hadden covered his mustache with his glove when a cop came by. He carried his baseball mannerisms into the office with him, walking with an exaggerated athletic swagger, bending down to scoop up imaginary grounders while waiting for the elevator, and growling out of the corner of his mouth in tough Brooklyn baseballese. Even his pencils were designed and laid out on his desk like a row of baseball bats—Hadden's big red writing sticks are still standard equipment among *Time* editors and writers.

Aside from baseball Hadden liked to invent his own games. One was "the smelling game"—a group of people would line up blindfolded in his apartment on Central Park West and try to identify a score or more of smelly objects from the kitchen, boudoir, or medicine chest. Another was "Babbitt," based on Sinclair Lewis's famous novel. This consisted of pointing at someone who looked like Lewis's hero, and shouting "Babbitt!" before someone else saw him. Hadden played this game with tremendous zest around New York City, where Babbitts seemed to be comparatively rare. But during the two-year interval when *Time* was being edited and printed in Cleveland, Ohio, he gave it up, because virtually everyone he saw reminded him of "Babbitt."

The move to Cleveland was Luce's

—*Life.*

Briton Hadden, Henry Luce, and printer—"the groining iron" scared prospects.

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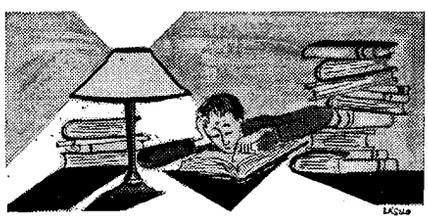
idea, and Hadden, who was born and raised in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Brooklyn Heights, did not approve of it. While Luce and his family settled cozily into Cleveland's suburban and country-club life, Hadden, who never married, played sandlot baseball and led a disorganized bachelor existence after working hours. He could rarely be inveigled into accepting a dinner invitation, and, when he did, always left early in the evening, mumbling feeble excuses. Later his dilapidated Chevrolet, with loose fenders and no floorboards, could often be found parked outside one of the more celebrated *boites de nuit* in Cleveland.

I have always believed that Hadden was the man who put "snaggle-toothed" in *Time,* but it seems I was only partly right. According to biographer Busch, Hadden did not dream up such staple Timidioms as "pundit," "tycoon," "oldster," "smartchart," "moose-tall," etc., but encouraged his editorial hired hands to produce them, and was lavish with praise and rewards when they brought him a really outstanding one, like "cinemactor" or "snaggle-toothed." From the very beginning, says Busch, Hadden decided that he could not edit *Time* and write for it too. Instead he "forced himself to develop his own capacity for using the minds of writers to express his thoughts, in much the same way that the writers themselves used the keys of their typewriters to express theirs." Hadden's capacity for using the minds of others was indeed extraordinary, and, in the opinion of biographer Busch, accounts in large part for the early success of *Time.*

Hadden's original concept of *Time* (and one which he changed very little) was simply a careful reorganization and rewriting of the news which he found in the daily papers, and especially in *The New York Times.* His editorial technique was to read the *Times* every morning, mark the articles that interested him, pin them to sheets of copy paper with some such instructive comment as "Flay!," "Shrewd!," or "All praise to Preacher Beecher!," and send them to a staff member for rewriting. Under most other editors this process would have yielded only a tasteless regrinding of stale news. But Hadden's driving personality, plus his fanatical aversion to bunk or padding of any sort, plus his ingenuity in picking his own and other brains for bizarre words and turns of phrase, plus his insistence on complete stylistic unity throughout, made the reading of each week's *Time* a memorable and often exciting experience.

Exiled, if only temporarily, to the money-making side of *Time* in 1928, Hadden was restless and unhappy. He soon found an outlet by starting a new magazine, called *Tide,* about the advertising business. The trouble with this was that *Tide,* under Hadden's editorship, criticized and poked fun at the same advertisements which were being run in *Time,* under Hadden's business managership. This was confusing to *Time*'s advertisers, and damaging to the morale of *Time*'s advertising salesmen. Eventually *Tide* was sold by Time, Inc., for $10,000, and it is still being published.



After Hadden's untimely death a list of other prospective publications was found in his personal notebook, on a page headed "Expansion." These projects were: "Business Mag, Fiction Mag, Spt Mag, Secy Mag, Letter Mag, *Time* Monthly, School *Time,* Women Mag, Daily Newspaper, U. S. History bk, In England, Eating Book." Of these only the "Business Mag" has taken permanent form, in *Fortune.* (The "Letter Mag" was published as *Letters* for a few years, then suspended.) Apparently Hadden did not foresee either the "Photo Mag" (*Life*) or the "Arch Mag" (*Architectural Forum*), which are now the other publishing components in the Time, Inc., empire.

It is doubtful also if he could or would have cared to foresee the day when that empire would take in $131 million from advertising and circulation and earn a net profit of $9,008,721 in a single year, as it did in 1948. For Hadden, as biographer Busch makes clear, was not so much swayed by the emoluments of success as by the excitement of competition—and competition with his partners and employees was as much fun as anything. While he was the active editor of *Time* he delighted in throwing accurately aimed monkey wrenches into the advertising and circulation machinations of his colleagues, and while he was business manager he threw them into the editorial as well as the advertising side.

It is probably true, as Mr. Busch says, that such "frivolities" are no longer appropriate in the "authoritative" and "solemn" magazine that *Time* has become. Yet frivolity is a mark of youth, and with the death of Briton Hadden, *Time*—as must all rich and successful magazines—bade farewell to its frisky youth.

Japanese POW

BY EASTERN WINDOWS. By William H. MacDougall, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1949. 349 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN S. ULLMANN

MEMOIRS of prisoners of war fall roughly into two categories: they can be chronicles of escape, hunger, and disease; or they can examine the mental and spiritual transformations which are apt to accompany the trials of captivity. Most of the reminiscences written by men who were in Japanese hands during the late war are in fact stories of trial and adventure. It was, therefore, with great anticipation that I took up "By Eastern Windows." Mr. MacDougall, U. P. correspondent in Shanghai at the outbreak of war, had given a most exciting and readable account of the adventures connected with his escape into Free China in "Six Bells of Java." Resuming his duties as correspondent in Southeast Asia he was eventually captured by the Japanese in Sumatra and spent three and a half years in various internment camps on the island. The sub-title of his new book "The story of souls and minds in the prison camps of Sumatra" had led me to believe that he would be mainly concerned with the second of the alternatives open to the writer of books on captivity. Unfortunately, Mr. MacDougall has fallen short of his aim.

From the technical standpoint, his story has been beautifully written: it bears the marks of the professional writer and it is done in the best tradition of reportage. In a series of vivid and unforgettable sketches we witness the frightful results of Japanese neglect and cruelty. Nor is the reader spared the description of extremes of suffering induced by hunger and disease; this is necessary, for unless we know that a starving man will actually devour maggots and that a patient in the last stages of beriberi will insanely sing "Waltzing Matilda," we cannot hope to understand the psychic transformations concomitant to such suffering. It is particularly sad, therefore, that Mr. MacDougall, having so wonderfully exposed the prisoner's outer world, should have failed to disclose more fully the mental adaptation and the spiritual discoveries that came as a result of the conditions described.

The story Mr. MacDougall tells, however, is to a great extent, and necessarily, a very ugly one, and he has chosen "to draw a veil over a long, shameful episode of [his] in-

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ternment": many men were unequal to the challenge they had to face, and every form of evil, exploitation, and even treason flourished under the circumstances. But if we are to draw valid conclusions from these times of trial, and conclusions which are applicable to periods of less acute crisis, then we must know the whole story. We must know why the individual and his society disintegrated; why some men survived physically and died spiritually while others of great integrity perished as they lacked the ingenuity to supplement their rations. We wish to learn the secret of the precarious balance whereby the prisoner had to weigh his material needs as against his psychic ones.

It is true that Mr. MacDougall has cited many instances of intense courage, devotion, and love; that he has more than hinted at what were the true sources of survival as a man in the fullest sense of the word—for some discovered that being stripped of the spurious appurtenances of so-called civilization enabled the springs of their being to be revealed. My contention is that the author has not sufficiently organized his material and pushed his conclusions to their objective end. But I am certain that Mr. MacDougall knows a great deal about this end. He is a Catholic, and has undoubtedly been greatly upheld by his faith, but it is also evident, in spite of the author's modesty, that if he has come out of his trials greatly enriched it is due in no mean part to the devotion and love with which, for over three years, he looked after his sick fellow-prisoners, and this under the cruellest and most disheartening conditions.

Americana. *To stay in business nowadays publishers, like greeting-card manufacturers, must work with one eye on the calendar. In plenty of time for the month of confetti and the season of suntan oil, they are now offering books about experiences and places millions of Americans will know at first hand ere the leaves turn. The peculiar ordeal that ultimately befalls nearly every male to whom fate has entrusted a daughter is brightly chronicled in Edward Streeter's "Father of the Bride"; the book's charm is enhanced by Gluyas Williams's sketches. Readers lucky enough to look forward to a Maine vacation will enjoy John Gould's nostalgic account of his Down East boyhood, "And One to Grow On." Others, Vermont-bound, will find fact and legend beguilingly interwoven in Ralph Nading Hill's book about that neighborly stream "The Winooski," newest addition to the Rivers of America Series.*

For Expectant Fathers-in-Law

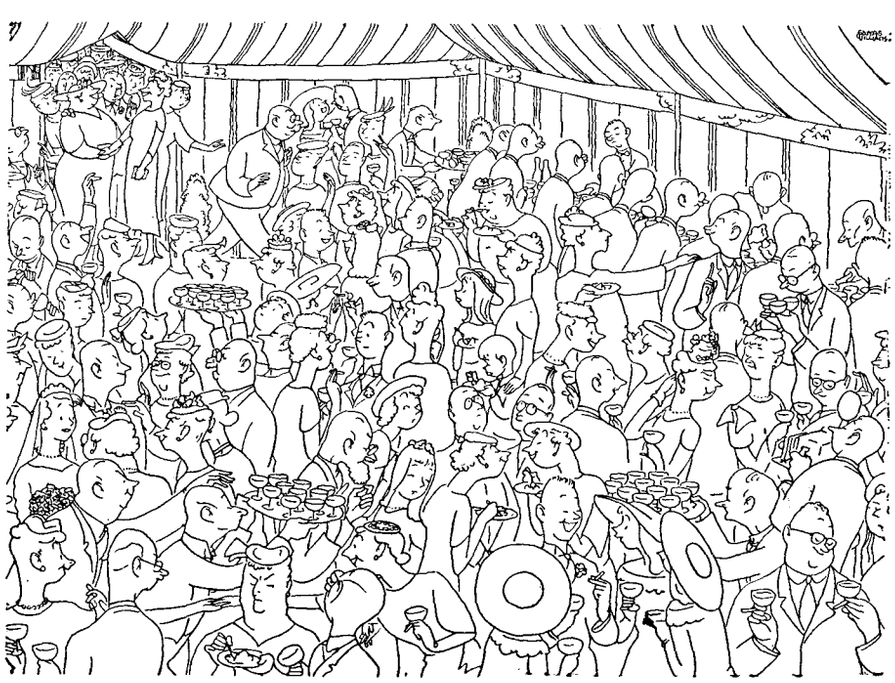
FATHER OF THE BRIDE. By Edward Streeter. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1949. 244 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

MR. STREETER is of that modest company who let their Who's Who entries lapse. This reviewer, on the theory of know-the-author-and-you-know-the-book, looked him up in an edition of Who's Who which was old enough and to spare, but which merely referred the consultant to an edition even more primeval: "Streeter, Edward, author. See Vol. 12 (1922-23)." From this veritable Domesday Book it appeared that Mr. Streeter, a native New Yorker, was graduated from Harvard in 1914 and then "with *Buffalo Morning Express*, 1914-15, Buffalo Building Supply Co., 1915-16." No trouble rationalizing *that* sequence. Then came service on the Mexican border, in France, in Germany. He details all of his military units but nowhere his rank—it is this reviewer's recollection that Mr. Streeter was commissioned, but not deeply.

Then (still citing Vol. 12) came books: "Dere Mable" in 1918, sequeled by "That's Me All Over, Mable" and "Same Old Bill, Eh, Mable?," both in 1919. There was something called "Beany, Gangleshanks, and the Tub" in 1921, and then came the appalling entry: "Now with Bankers Trust Co., New York." Finance *coronat opus*. Somewhere in the long interval, too recent for the 1922-23 Who's Who, there was a work called "Daily Except Sundays"—all about commuting with other bankers. The rest, up to now, has been silence.

It is obvious, from the above pint-size bibliography, that Mr. Streeter writes about things he is familiar with. That is often a great help to a writer, and it has done Mr. Streeter no harm. "Dere Mable," one learns from Alice Payne Hackett's "Fifty Years of Best Sellers," sold 615,000 copies. It was bought not *by* soldiers, but *for* soldiers. "Father of the Bride" is obviously the marginalia of another personal experience, and it will be bought not *by* expectant fathers-in-law, but *for* expectant fathers-in-law, who will welcome it not only as good reading but as a practical manual. It covers every situation conceivable in the premises—the daughter's epochal announcement, the guesses concerning the prospective groom, the actuality of the prospective groom, the groom's parents, the house they live in, the arrangements for the wedding, the selection of the guests, the grading



—End-paper of "Father of the Bride."

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and sorting of same, the grading and sorting of the presents, the conference with the caterers, the selection of refreshments, the ceremony, the reception, the terminal deflation.

This is the sort of book which one reads, as one read "Dere Mable," for verification of one's own experiences. In families which have married off one or more daughters, it will create minor frictions as the result of repeated interruptions: "Oh, Fred (Anne), just listen to this!" But even the unwed will enjoy it. It is hard, in fact, to think of people who won't.

Gluyas Williams's illustrations are so perfect an accompaniment of the text that it is quite possible that he ordered Mr. Streeter to write the book.

Character & Characters Down East

AND ONE TO GROW ON. By John Gould. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1949. 253 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY BESTON

THERE was probably no more interesting place for a boy to grow up in than our old New England of horse-and-buggy days. This was particularly true of the seaport towns which kept their New England look and temper but were never, either people or community, provincial. Something of the sea, something of the inheritance of ships and foreign lands still lingered in the bright New England air. Perhaps what made them most interesting, however, was the sense of character and of characters. From the sea captain with his gold-handled umbrella and Malay servant to the half-Indian family who made baskets in a clearing of the woods, the community was one of picturesque and often romantic people, occasionally with a highly amusing side. The quintessence of such communities is found in Maine. Modern America, violent, incoherent, and immense with power, had not broken in a wave over the white steeples, and the automobile had not yet sent us flying in all directions with its centrifugal force and frenzy. All this was on its way but meanwhile we had the sea and the elm shadows of the summer afternoons.

It is such a background that John Gould has now painted for us in the third of his quiet-spoken, amusing studies of life in our Down-East state. The book concerns itself with the author's grammar-school and high-school boyhood in a community of the nineteenth-century inheritance; the town is Freeport on Casco Bay. The period, a little later than the turn of the century, is extended towards earlier years with communal reminiscence, but never mind, it is Maine as John knew it in the halcyon years, tolerant, good tempered, and immensely alive with that blessed gusto of living which is the secret of the state. Both native State-of-Mainers and eager "Mainiacs" would be hard

From the book.

put to it to find an account of a small-town boyhood more amusingly, humanely, and satisfyingly described. What an eye he has for character! Where else in the world, I wonder, would one come upon a Spiritualist postman, who, meeting one at the door with a letter, would hold the letter to his forehead and accurately reveal the contents? *That* was a postman! Village doctors and joking storekeepers, old sailors and farmers, clammers and fishermen—the reader will find them all. I confess to a particular liking for the town boozer who refused to live up to the WCTU idea of a town drunk, and in spite of uproariously funny misadventures remained to the end prosperous, well soused, and on the best of terms with a thriving and handsome family.

Like all first-rate humorists, John Gould is able to tell a really poignant story when such a tale becomes a part of his picture. His style remains his very own, laconic, colloquial, with the manner of a good storyteller's speech, yet always a vigorous part of the realm of the written word. There is not a trace either in manner or substance of the "b'gosh" school, against which we have all set our face Down-East. It is true Maine, and it gives one faith again in human nature. May it be a long, long time before the spirit of our state abandons itself to the flatness of modernity. Far better to take a stand with the bears.

Henry Beston, sometime member of the editorial staff of The Atlantic Monthly, *is author of "Northern Farm: A Chronicle of Maine" and other books.*

Texas's XXIInd Star

THE SKY IS MY TIPI. By Mody C. Boatright. Dallas: University Press in Dallas (Southern Methodist University). 1949. 243 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALAN LOMAX

THE annuals of the Texas Folk Lore Society have been, for a generation, the saltiest and best edited of our regional literary journals. Frank Dobie—biographer of the Texas longhorn, the mustang, the coyote, and other wild critters of the Southwest—bossed the outfit during most of this period. His students and cronies rounded up the tales, the sayings, and the ballads; Dobie culled and branded; the result is a three-foot-shelf of folklore that is the magnum opus of Texas literature. Not long ago, after a courageous struggle for freedom of speech and thought with a board of regents who had branded Dos Passos's "U. S. A." as obscene, Dobie retired from the faculty of the University of Texas. His touch, however, is evident in this newest anthology of Southwestern lore, the XXIInd star in the already bright crown of the Texas Folk Lore Society.

The society is made up of cowboys, school marms, oil men, anthropologists, professional writers, and amateur yarnspinners. Their annual volume, Dobie would be the first to boast, does not confine itself to the limits the academic set upon folklore. "The Sky Is My Tipi" covers a multitude of Southwestern traditions: forty-six folk tales of the Kiowa Apache Indians, three yarns from the Mescalero Apache country told by Dobie, an article linking a cattle brand to certain Aztec burial customs, a Big Foot Wallace Tale on "How to Sculp (Scalp) an Indian," as well as other matters peculiarly, sometimes painfully, Texan.

The folk tales of the remnant of the Kiowa-Apaches of Western Oklahoma occupy the first half of the volume. Gilbert McAllister, now professor of anthropology at the University of Texas, spent nine months in a lonely shack on the reservation studying the social organization of the tribe and these tales are a by-product of his research.

Coyote (the favorite character of Plains and Plateau Indian tales) plays the leading role in more than half the stories. He is creator, trickster, and numbskull by turn. Coyote steals fire for the Indians and makes the sun. He brings the buffalo out from under the ground. Sometimes he

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meets his match in cunning and is forced to call quits to the contest of wits. Again he is blinded or killed. In the tale from which this volume takes its title he tries, unsuccessfully, to make off with a medicine bundle from a strange tipi; but, no matter how far and how fast he runs, he always wakes to find himself in this same strange tipi. At last the man tells him, "The sky is my tipi and you can't get out from under it." Coyote realizes he has been trying to steal the sun from the sky.

One day Coyote encounters a white man and agrees to a cheating match, protesting, however, that his magic is at home in his tipi. When the white man lends him his horse for the journey, Coyote makes the animal shy and then swears the horse is afraid because he has no hat. The white man lends Coyote his sombrero. The trickster continues this game until he is fully dressed and the white man is as naked as a jaybird. Then Coyote rides away, laughing, "Now you know. This is how I cheat people." Coyote, Poor Boy, Nistcre, and the rest introduce us to an exotic system of values and images. Although McAllister provides more background for his tales than one finds in the usual folklore collection, the reader is left pretty much on his own to figure out the Apache esthetic system. Here McAllister behaves more like a folklorist than an anthropologist, for it has been the unfortunate practice of most folklorists to quote their lore out of its human context. This is the reason that folklore appears to most readers as the "colorful" and, perhaps, "engaging," but, in the end, "crude" and "rather simple-minded" art-product of "inferior groups," instead of what it is —an intricate, delicately-contrived technique of adjustment and, often, a profoundly noble pattern of human feeling.

In Dobie's account of Magues, the Apache rebel—in Ruth Hunnicutt's portrait of a local bad man—and, especially, in Olcutt Saunders's original documentation of the Texas square dance, there are hints of what folklore could be. These collectors have given us people as well as lore —data in a context of meaning. Even these excellent pieces, however, depend far too much on "color" for their impact. Their authors avoid the basic responsibility of the folklorist —to act as spokesman and historian for millions of otherwise voiceless people.

Alan Lomax, with his late father, John Lomax, wrote "American Ballads and Folk Songs" and other works.

Sphere of the Onion

THE WINOOSKI. By Ralph Nading Hill. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1949. 304 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

IF IT had not been for the Onion River Land Company, ten thousand British troops might have descended upon the New England states and brought a very different end to the Revolutionary War. And if Yorktown somewhat later had not ended the Revolution, Vermont might have become a royal province — which would have been a loss to American folklore hard to calculate.

These and other byways of history are traced out in this well-written, entertaining, and attractively illustrated volume in the Rivers of America Series.

The Winooski, or Onion, is no great shakes as a river. Less than a hundred miles long, it wanders across the upper part of Vermont from several tributaries around Montpelier until it empties into Lake Champlain at Burlington. With an independence that is symbolic it runs in an opposite direction from neighboring watercourses which flow eastward into the Connecticut, and its whole course lies within this once independent state.

Modest, therefore, in its scope, Mr. Hill's book has a neighborly quality fitted to the subject. Historically, his most interesting matter centers in the operations of those remarkable brothers, Ira and Ethan Allen, who carved out an empire for themselves in the Onion River area and with a patriotism sparked by self-interest kept the whole British Empire at bay. The diplomacy with which Ira kept the British immobilized in Canada by holding out the bait of returning Vermont to the crown is a fascinating and sometimes amusing story, dramatic enough to have been the foundation for Frederic Van de Water's recent historical romance, "Catch a Falling Star."

If Vermont in its frontier days inevitably has the strongest appeal, Mr. Hill has none the less done justice to other times and people—to Vermont's part in the war of 1812, to the surprising number of great men who have come out of the tiny area watered by the Winooski.

Mr. Hill sticks close to his last. He writes of the Winooski, not of Vermont at large. If the job is done for the rest of Vermont as well as Mr. Hill has done the Winooski, there will be several good volumes yet before the tale of this state has been told.

—From the book.

Mr. Hill's book is essentially a book about people, which is perhaps the chief reason why it is interesting. Not only the great and near great—the Allens; Admiral Dewey; Senator Austin; Davenport, the country blacksmith who made the world's first electric motor; Zerah Colburn, the child prodigy who could give immediate answers to the most complicated mathematical problems—but the plain folk too are well represented. Mr. Hill has a preference for those who exemplify the traits we have come to associate, rightly or wrongly, with Vermonters—independence, self-reliance, dry wit, a capacity for work and doing without. Any people needs such a model, based upon folkways rooted in the nature of the land that nurtures them. If Vermonters have a clearer pattern to follow than most, it may be because the land had demanded so much of them. The "characters" Mr. Hill discovers both in the past and in the present are calculated to build the familiar legend of Vermont.

Trades, professions, and industries peculiar to the region receive due attention, and in this department the description of the granite industry is most interesting as it is most picturesque. Mr. Hill even manages to make geology and geography come to life, and part of his secret may be that here, too, what he has to deal with is manageable and neighborly rather than vast and overwhelming. Two things I would have had more of—the activities past and present of the state government at Montpelier and the wonderful old ballads recorded and preserved by Senator Flanders's wife.

Bradford Smith, free-lance writer, is currently living in Vermont.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Censorship Controversy

FOR almost three months *The Saturday Review* has played host in its pages to the continuing debate on the question of censorship by minority groups—a debate that began with the articles by John Haynes Holmes and John Mason Brown, then dominated the LETTERS department for many weeks, and finally erupted into a national controversy in a Town Meeting of the Air broadcast, in which Mr. Brown was a participant.

Surveying the controversy, it seems to us that the principal reason the issue has never really been joined is that the central question under debate has never been sharply defined. What began as a debate over the English film "Oliver Twist," depicting Fagin in an ugly stereotype, quickly mushroomed out over a wide field involving Jews, Catholics, and Negroes and the general problems of censorship, whether by direction or indirection, and the entire relationship of society to its minority groups. Illuminating and valuable though this general discussion has been, it seems to us to lack focus in terms of a specific debate on which a pro-or-con stand is possible. Indeed, it is possible to agree with some of the basic points advanced by opposite sides of the controversy and yet maintain a consistent line of reasoning which fails to support the conclusions of either party.

To begin with, proper distinctions haven't been made between a minority group and the *section* of that minority group which may have been responsible for an action to block or censor a film or play or book. This failure to identify what may be a minority within a minority makes it seem that a single racial or religious group is pitting itself against the general wishes or needs of the community-at-large, when actually severe division on the particular question may exist within the group itself. The effect of this is to intensify majority *vs.* minority issues at a time when every attempt must be made to strengthen and dramatize the common-ground aspects of our society. This is not to say that the majority must be defenseless against pressure; it simply means that the pressure must be clearly identified in order that resistance to it not take the form of indiscriminate action against the group as a whole.

Another factor contributing to the confusion, it seems to us, is that essential distinctions haven't been made between the minority groups themselves. Combining Catholics, Negroes, and Jews as a single entity for a debate on the question of censorship by minority groups, as in the "Oliver Twist" case, brings together fairly separate issues as one. Those who take exception to the influence on moving pictures and publishing by certain segments of the Catholic community do so on the grounds that this influence has nothing to do with the need to protect Catholics against vilification. It is pointed out that no motion picture in recent years has reflected unfavorably on the Catholic religion or on Catholics as individuals. In addition, it is argued that some Catholics are attempting, through such organizations as the Legion for Decency, to dictate a standard of taste and morals for the general public. Now all this may or may not be a good thing; but it is at least a different matter from the "Oliver Twist" type of question.

So far as Negroes are concerned, most of the more effective attempts made to protect them against degrading stereotypes in the motion pictures and elsewhere have been made out of common decency by non-Negro individuals and organizations—many of them members of the majority. Oversensitivity as censor would not seem to be strictly relevant in this case. For the unfortunate fact of the matter is that Negro protest, by itself, doesn't cut the same ice as Catholic or Jewish protest. Moreover, the general problem here is not so much one of vilification as it is of an imbalance which persists in presenting the Negro in only one category, that of an affable menial, instead of merging him with the general stream of humanity—good, bad or indifferent.

TO NARROW the issue down to "Oliver Twist," we believe that movie companies have the right to exercise their judgment, for better or worse, in the selection of film material—to no less an extent than publishers. We believe that J. Arthur Rank has a right to produce "Oliver Twist," just as we believe he would be either unreasonable or naive not to know that the symbolism of Fagin, coming as it does at such a volatile moment in world history, would be certain to touch off a powder keg. But Mr. Rank's right to produce is no less absolute than the offended party's right to protest. It may be that such protest is ill-advised, that it tends to create the very ill will and prejudice it seeks to avert; yet any group, minority or majority, has the right to raise an emphatic voice in its own interest and to take whatever action comes within the law. We believe there is also the right and the power of counter-protest—the right to condemn such minority action and protest as inimical the general welfare.

The only time a controversy such as this becomes dangerous is when government intervention is sought or invoked, either by way of removing or blocking films or books or other works of art, or by way of removing or blocking legitimate protest and action against such films or books or other works of art, or by way of removing or blocking counter-protest against the protesters. So long as the fight can be fought out in the open—in Holmes's open market-place of ideas—we may never arrive at solutions that will satisfy everyone, but at least we will have kept alive democracy's most important mechanism for present and ultimate progress.

—N. C.

Imprint

By Mary Awater Taylor

HERE the dropped leaf
Has left its stamp
Cunningly-veined
And manifest in clay,
Here in the shadowy wood
Pungent and damp
I found it yesterday;
The serrate edge, the hardy veins,
The stem, had almost taken root
Pressed in the earth
By hurrying heedless foot,
Then blown away
Leaving this bas-relief
Sharp-cut in line
Imprinted on the soil
In sure design.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Pollsters Again

SIR: I do not wish to prolong the discussion with Mr. Moscow [LETTERS, *SRL* April 23], but for your own enlightenment and that of your readers may I say that I naturally assumed that Mr. Moscow was talking about the New York State election of 1942 for the very good and simple reason that we made no prediction whatsoever in the 1943 New York State election.

GEORGE H. GALLUP.

Princeton, N. J.

Fifth Freedom

SIR: I agree that President Strand acted improperly in suspending Professor Spitzer ["How to Make More Communists," *SRL* May 7]. But apparently you do not realize how narrow indeed are the grounds upon which we are forced to disagree with President Strand. Our only reliance, I believe, is a Fifth Freedom which runs only in favor of intellectuals: the freedom to sound off outside a classroom on subjects they know nothing about.

President Strand would have been entirely justified if Professor Spitzer had seriously advocated the phlogiston theory in his chemistry classroom. Similarly, his action would be unexceptionable if this were a biology professor talking to a class and there advocating the obsolete Lamarckian nonsense which is now advocated by Lysenko.

I believe this Fifth Freedom should be discussed more widely and should be more perfectly understood among the public, for it is only by considering this freedom that we can understand the case of the fellow-traveling dupes. They have an absolute right to be fooled. A great novelist or physicist is not necessarily (or even probably) a political genius and certainly can and will talk the same kind of ignorant hooey on politics that you will hear in the better-class bars on Third Avenue.

Mr. Luce's freedom of the press should not be impaired: he should print pictures, if only to bring home to the Luce public that a stupid opinion gathers no authority by being voiced by an eminent poet, music critic, or playwright.

HAROLD MANHEIM.

New York, N. Y.

Dissent Over Hopkins

SIR: Your reviewer of "Immortal Diamond: Studies in Gerard Manley Hopkins" [*SRL* April 30] makes a strange statement. Referring to the explication of "The Windhover," he asserts that Father Schoder "fails to convince" because "his conclusions are too rigidly predetermined." Father Schoder's analysis is a masterly elucidation that can be refuted only on logical grounds. Your reviewer seems to infer that Richards and Empson have once and for all settled the matter. Since when has the far-fetched guesswork of these "authorities" become the last word on "The Windhover"? On strictly logical grounds Father Schoder's interpretation of his fellow Jesuit's famous poem makes much more sense than the efforts of non-Catholics. It seems to me that your reviewer is the one who holds predetermined conclusions.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And this Francois Villon, your worship, not only stole my purse—he wrote a poem about it!"

Lost and Found

SIR: I have reread two or three times George Bernard Shaw's article "Behind the Lysenko Controversy" [*SRL* April 16] looking for the place where he says, according to Professor Muller, that it is the duty of the state to control science as it controls all other pursuits. I fail to find any such statement, or even so broad an implication, in Shaw's contribution. Has Shaw gone on record to this effect on some other occasion with which the reader of this issue of *SRL* should be familiar?

MARY VIADRO.

Berkeley, Calif.

SIR: Miss Viadro is quite right in declaring Shaw's statement that it is "the duty of the state to control it [science] . . . as it controls all other pursuits" is not to be found in his article as it stands in *SRL*. It happened that in composing my criticism of Shaw's remarks I consulted the version of Shaw's article which was printed in the (British) *Labour Monthly*. The statement in question appears there in a long postscript, which I did not realize had been omitted from the *SRL* version. As the leading topic of this postscript was the resignation of Sir Henry Dale from his foreign membership in the Academy of Sciences of the USSR the omission was doubtless occasioned by the fact that this resignation had attracted less attention on the part of the American than of the British public.

Since the matter has been raised again, and is of great importance in revealing the attitude of the Lysenkoists towards culture, let us now quote Shaw's passage at somewhat greater length:

> . . . the real issue is between the claim of the scientific professions to be exempted from all legal restraint in the pursuit of knowledge, and the duty of the State to control it in the general interest as it controls all other pursuits. . . . To Lysenko's question "Can the State tolerate a doctrine that makes every citizen the irresponsible agent of inevitable Natural Selection?" the reply is a short No.

In other words, Shaw, along with the Communist officials, would outlaw research and education in the fundamentals of biological science. Here we have orthodoxy and the doctrine of State infallibility really showing their teeth.

H. J. MULLER.

Bloomington, Ind.

Long Arm of Coincidence

SIR: The hero of my story meets by chance a vagrant girl. He "buys" her from her venal parent, and turns her over to his servant to clean up. As the girl was most averse to washing, this bath scene is good comedy.

Now this man was a student of character, from the highest to the lowest station in life. He insisted that the only difference among people was the form of education, which even the lowest could acquire. He was sure he could, within a few weeks, produce a fashionable young lady of uncommon wit out of this wayside vagabond. You

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can see he didn't think much of the standards of society.

After beginning by showing her how to walk and sit, he devoted himself to her polite education. She had an inveterate habit of swearing, which was at the time a handicap. But he worked away, and by coaching her in repeating verses from the best poets, with correct emphasis and cadence, he soon succeeded in making her wonderfully proficient in the polite graces of the age.

With proper chaperonage, somewhat doubtfully taken on it is true, her debut in London was a great success. There still was an awkwardness of manner and a kind of crudeness in speech, but this was interpreted as an agreeable wildness, more attractive than ordinary good manners.

All went well with our hero's scheme until one day, in a difference of opinion over cards, the girl got excited, and forgot herself so far as to let out a word beginning with the letter b—. At the time, this word was simply not used in good London society, so you can imagine the sensation.

The girl was dropped from all the best circles, and as a result she ran away. She soon came back, however, and having married our hero's valet, was forgiven and even set up in a coffee shop in London. In a movie, she would have married the hero.

Well, that's the story. Ever heard it? It was written by a fellow who came from a provincial capital, and had a mighty hard time to make a go of it in London. He wrote a play which was rejected, and then degenerated into a literary hack, mostly satire. He was of Celtic ancestry, and had a pretty wit. This novel, that I'm quoting—certainly, this novel. Play? Nonsense, it's a novel. "Pygmalion"? Never heard of it. I'm talking about a novel, "Peregrine Pickle," by Tobias Smollett, that was a best seller 200 years ago.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Culture South of the Border

SIR: I have been trying to suppress a desire to comment on Waldo Frank's article "Latin America: A Cultural Inventory" [*SRL* April 9], but my gorge will not stay down.

Latin Americans are peoples of many differing racial, religious, and social traditions who are misrepresented when spoken of as a group. Within the various groups, however, there is a great deal of intelligence, creative energy, and unquestioned talent. These have found expression in various and interesting cultural works at all periods for more than 400 years.

They have not, however, produced the rich treasure of which they are capable, and there is a very simple and practical explanation.

When the American colonies won their freedom from European domination, they had the good fortune to adopt a constitution that secured union and made it possible for an American citizen to have a large area in which to exercise his talents freely. The Latin American countries, on the other hand, when they secured their freedom from European controls, were not able to get union, and the citizen, who previously had been free to roam over a continent and a half and to exercise his talents under one law and one rule, found that his world was littler instead of bigger.

As a result of this disintegration, a writer in Latin America has great difficulty in developing his talent to the point of becoming professionally skilful because there is no large market for his books. His publisher is usually only a printer who distributes within a relatively small area, who is not too prosperous and who very likely thinks that honor should satisfy the artist and that royalties are unnecessary. Carry this further and it applies to the intellectual worker and to every worker in many other phases of life.

Often a young man with ability and ambition, therefore, must leave home to get the instruction he needs and

the opportunity to develop his skill or art. Many such never return but stay to become part of the cultural or practical life of the United States or Europe. We welcome them, but their homelands need them more. Give these young people a market in which to create and sell their wares, and you will see things happen fast.

JOSHUA B. POWERS.

New York, N. Y.

Unique Path

SIR: Most people of my acquaintance are becoming increasingly skeptical because their sources of information are not reliable. Your more recent articles have done much to establish my confidence in the written word of your publication. Accept my gratitude for your display of courage. I sincerely hope that your magazine will continue on this unique path and that an increasing number of subscribers and honest advertisers will show their appreciation of your truthfulness by becoming your supporters.

MARVIN FISHER JONES, M.D.

New York, N. Y.

"Censorship and Stereotype"

SIR: Hollywood's paper-doll concept of art has seldom been put more persuasively than by Dore Schary in "Censorship and Stereotypes" [*SRL* April 30]. But let us reexamine his argument: In war some Americans are cowards. To picture Americans as cowards "at a time of war is a disservice. We are still in a war—a war against prejudice...." Ergo, we cannot present unflattering pictures of minority groups until peace comes. When is peace? When the Bunches and the Baruchs become more common, then we "can afford the criticism" of others who do not rise to such heights.

What's wrong with this line of argument? First, only Congress can declare war and line all of us up behind a single aim. True, the battle for tolerance is a conflict, but it is a civil and internal issue for which there is no compulsory "party line." Secondly, the idea that peace at some future time will smooth troubled waters is a myth. There is no peace in a democracy, which has been rightly called "conflict institutionalized." Freedom in a democracy is freedom of ideas to contend for survival; freedom for a "Gentleman's Agreement" to replace an "Oliver Twist" in popular favor.

Mr. Schary's actions belie his arguments. He, more than almost any producer in Hollywood, has taken his convictions into the pit of public opinion and fought for their acceptance. Why does he ask for quarter?

Mr. Schary detests the stereotype of the "Uncle Tom Negro" and the "Shylock" and "Fagin." Very good. Let him and other creative artists replace them with films showing us the Bunches and the Baruchs. Let them show us villains also of all creeds and races; and the heroes and half-heroes. Let them give us moderns we *can believe in* and thus teach us to laugh at the "Fagins" and "Uncle Toms" as picturesque relics of a bygone age. That way is better than censorship.

WILLIAM DOW BOUTWELL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: I have read Lambert Fairchild's letter on censorship [*SRL* April 30] and hope he has gained comfort and solace from your publication of his intemperate sarcasm. If he has not been too absorbed in reading and rereading his sardonic banter, I hope he has found the time to read Dore Schary's forceful and temperate arguments in "Censorship and Stereotypes."

AARON KRUMBEIN.

New York, N. Y.

Henry James and the "New Deal"

SIR: When Franklin D. Roosevelt pledged himself in his June 1932 acceptance speech to a "New Deal" for the American people, the ghostly Henry James must have stirred with great anticipation, for when politicians began helping themselves to his choice metaphors certainly he had a right to feel that the day must be near for confirming his prediction, "Some day all my buried prose will kick off its various tombstones at once." I call your attention to his novel "Princess Casamassima" published in 1886, where he has the princess say: "I am one of those who believes that a great new deal is destined to take place and that it can't make things worse than they are already." Also Hyacinthe, the hero of the story, after a lapse in revolutionary zeal decides to write something and "the only point settled was that it should be very remarkable and should not, at least on the face of it, have anything to do with a fresh deal of the social pack."

Meeting the now famous phrase in its revolutionary setting in the great James novel makes one sharply aware of its derivation from the dictionary of the gambler. That the anarchist group of the "Princess Casamassima" should have looked to a new disposition of the cards, in which the poor might draw all the aces and the rich be left holding the deuces, was per-

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fectly in keeping with their extremist aims. Indeed, if the throw of the cards were to fail them, they were just as ready to hurl bombs. But that Roosevelt should have gone to the game of chance for a slogan to identify his planned program of equitable treatment for all reflects at best a striking infelicity of metaphor, and at worst an implied surrender to the view that an economic and social solution without any losers is out of the question.

JOSEPH K. MARCUS.

New York, N. Y.

British Best-Seller Lists

SIR: Apropos of the "Bogus Best Sellers" controversy [*SRL* March 26 *et sequens*], you may be interested in its repercussions here in England.

Early in April, the *Sunday Times* of London began publishing a "Best-Seller List" of British books, "based on reports received from 100 of the leading booksellers in all parts of the country." When this list first appeared, the paper carried a statement from Leonard Russell, literary editor of the *Sunday Times*, to the effect that "though there are criticisms of some best-seller lists in America, the position there for various reasons is not comparable." Rushing in where angels fear to tread, the *Sunday Times* list explicity claimed to give "the best-selling books in the order of their popularity."

Therewith broke a storm. For the publisher of a book which was listed in sixth place reported that "no more than 2,700 copies have been taken up by the trade." Such a sale, it need hardly be said, was far from being of "best-selling" proportions. A few days later *The Bookseller*, our leading trade publication, took up the cudgels and brought the "Bogus Best Seller" question to the attention of British readers. After recapitulating your findings, *The Bookseller* admitted that the new *Sunday Times* list makes "surprising reading for people in the book trade," and concluded with the opinion that Britain would be better off with no best-seller lists than with inaccurate ones.

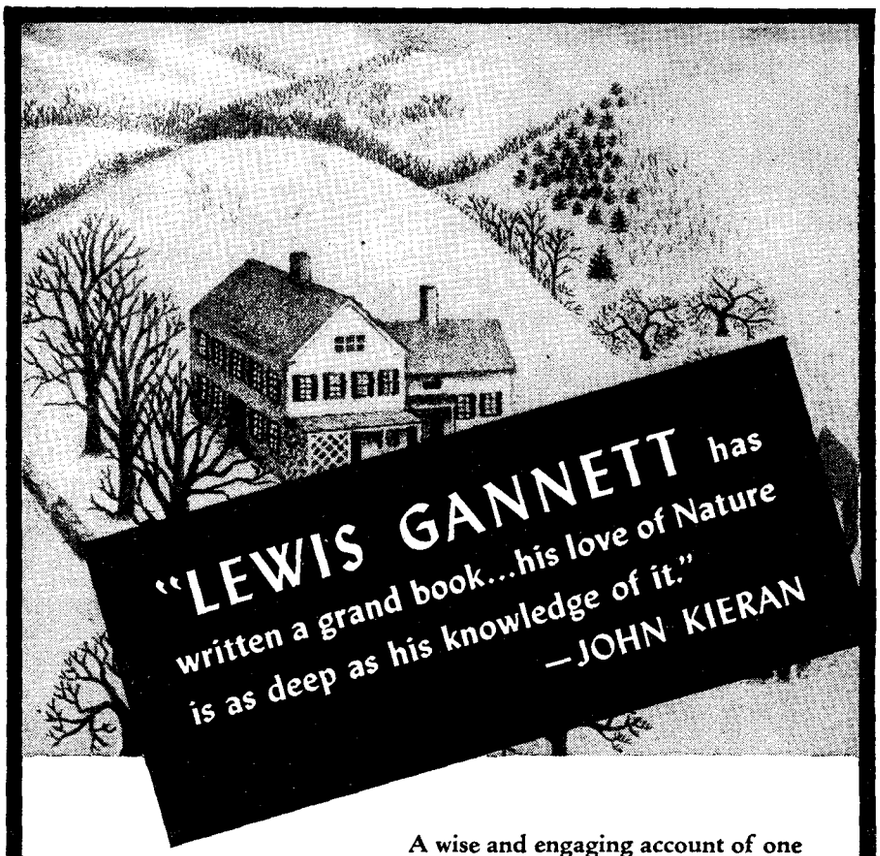
You seem to have started an international incident!

ROBERT EDON.

London, Eng.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. porpentine ("Hamlet" I, 5). 2. tiger ("Henry V," III, 1). 3. ass ("Midsummer Night's Dream" IV, 1). 4. cow ("Antony and Cleopatra" III, 10). 5. whale ("Pericles" III, 1). 6. hedge-pig ("Macbeth" IV, 1). 7. calf ("Hamlet" III, 2). 8. moldwarp (1 "Henry IV," III, 1). 9. spaniel ("Julius Caesar," III, 1). 10. mountain goat ("Henry V," IV, 4). 11. geese ("Macbeth," V, 3). 12. buzzards ("Richard III," I, 1). 13. woodcock (3 "Henry VI," I, 4). 14. pard ("As You Like It," II, 7). 15. bat ("The Tempest," V, 1). 16. horse ("Troilus and Cressida," II, 1). 17. toad ("As You Like It," II, 1). 18. swallow ("The Winter's Tale," IV, 4). 19. adders ("Hamlet," III, 4). 20. wolf ("King Lear," III, 4). 21. fox (1 "Henry IV," III, 3). 22. camel ("Troilus and Cressida," I, 2). 23. spider ("The Merchant of Venice," III, 2). 24. apes ("Julius Caesar," V, 1). 25. flies ("King Lear," IV, 1).



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Science. *Last year the works of two scientists whose view of the future of the earth's resources and their effect upon mankind was dim attracted large audiences. But recently William Vogt's "Road to Survival" and Fairfield Osborn's "Our Plundered Planet" have encountered a cheering and cogent rebuttal. In "The Coming Age of Wood," reviewed below, Egon Glesinger details the numerous latent benefits for the human race in the forests of the world. . . . Unhappily many people who cannot bear to look facts in the face seek surcease in such drugs as opium. Norman Taylor writes about their vice wittily and wisely in "Flight from Reality," another book of the week.*

Sesames to Bliss

FLIGHT FROM REALITY. By Norman Taylor. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1949. 237 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THIS wise and delightful book should incite a great deal of querulous fan mail from people who will disapprove of Norman Taylor as one personally avowed, in his very preface, to dalliance with tobacco and alcohol and probably, by extension, with very dry cocktails composed of five parts fly agaric to one part bhang, the latter "a decoction . . . derived from the cut tops of uncultivated female plants."

The title "Flight from Reality" may itself be disputed by the amateurs of its mechanisms. I have known many smokers of opium in Tibet and Indochina who maintained that the dream was reality and that our world was the daymare from which they sought flight back to the reality of opium; and we have all known festive folk who took another glass and another in the hope of intensifying, of superrealizing, the real celebration of joyful events; they would not flee from it at all.

This may be captious. What matters is that the book is an urbane scientist's achievement in telling the tale of drug addiction dramatically, of showing its physical and psychic analgesics against a background which is historically impeccable and psychologically sound, admitting its dangers, condoning its benefits, applauding the genius of primitives who have found through moderated ecstasy a bright path "out of this world," but it must be noted that Mr. Taylor sternly recommends that all traffic in opium be stopped except for legitimate medical purposes, and that alcohol be considered a medical and not a moral problem primarily, and so be fended from the weak.

The chapter heads are suggestive of the savor of the book: "The Pleasant Assassin," "The Abyss of Divine Enjoyment," "Come and Expel the Green Pain," "The Lively Image and Pattern of Hell," in which are shown the plants which palliate our disenchantments. There is Indian hemp, which is developed to produce, among other derivatives, what we call marijuana. Quoting the Indian Hemp Drug Commission, Mr. Taylor states that there is no evidence of mental or moral injury resulting from its moderate use.

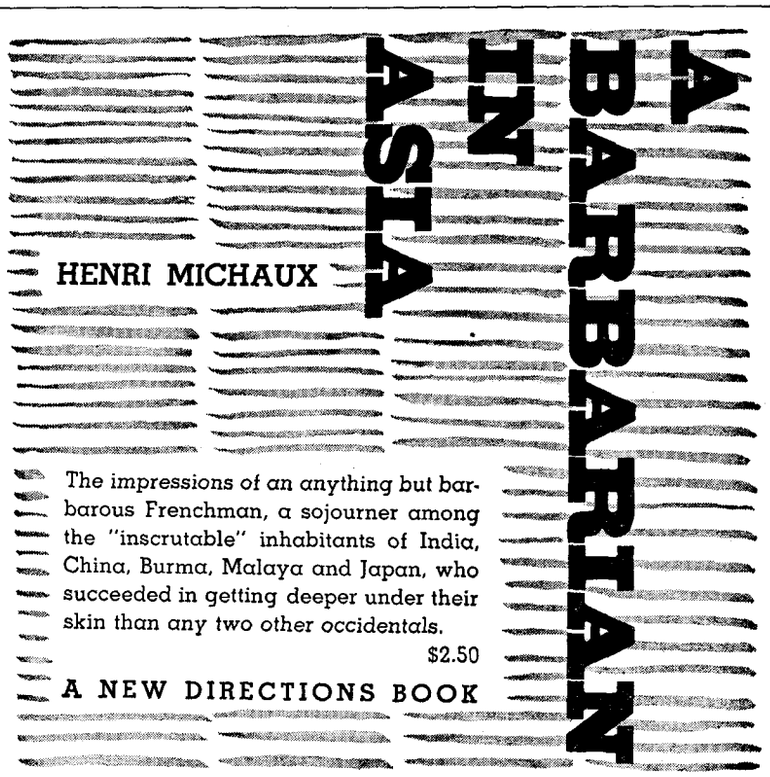
The chapters on opium, tobacco, tea, coffee, alcohol, and chocolate (which was once called a "violent inflamer of the passions") are eager with fact and legend, but it is the unusual drugs which are the most interesting: peyotl, coca, ololiuqui, pituri, caapi, betel, kava, and fly agaric.

The Aztecs used peyotl ritually and its preparation is a most elaborate rite today. As an alleviator of Mexican misery the author still finds sound reason for its use, as he does for coca among the South American Indians; it decreases fatigue and assuages hunger; it is not habit-forming, and fatalities from it are unknown. Caapi, whose magics begin with "coarse tremors and colonic convulsions," may be justified for boys who must be whipped senseless to prove themselves men. Australian pituri of the potato family, containing the lie-detecting drug, scopolamine, kills fatigue like coca. Kava, a Polynesian and Melanesian exhilarant, is prepared by chewing the Piper root, spitting it out, drying it, and drinking it when squeezed through cloth or tape. The British in Fiji masticate it mechanically and take it for their livers.

The weird employment of fly agaric by Siberians must be told you by Mr. Taylor, though his footnote warns "squeamish, fastidious, overcivilized, and particularly finical readers" to skip this section. "Who are we," he concludes, "to say that the dull plodder of Arctic wastes should be denied the brief though revolting pleasures of his lonesome journey?"

This is a bright and brawny book, excellently written, as cunning as a drug to lead you up its haunted garden paths.

Hassoldt Davis, writer and explorer, has spent long periods in the Near and Far East and in the South Seas.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Tree of Life

THE COMING AGE OF WOOD. By Egon Glesinger. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1949. 279 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT WEST HOWARD

THE forests of the world, properly managed, can not only clothe and feed the human race but provide us with motor fuels and varied building materials in such abundance that "freedom from want" would become a reality within the next half century.

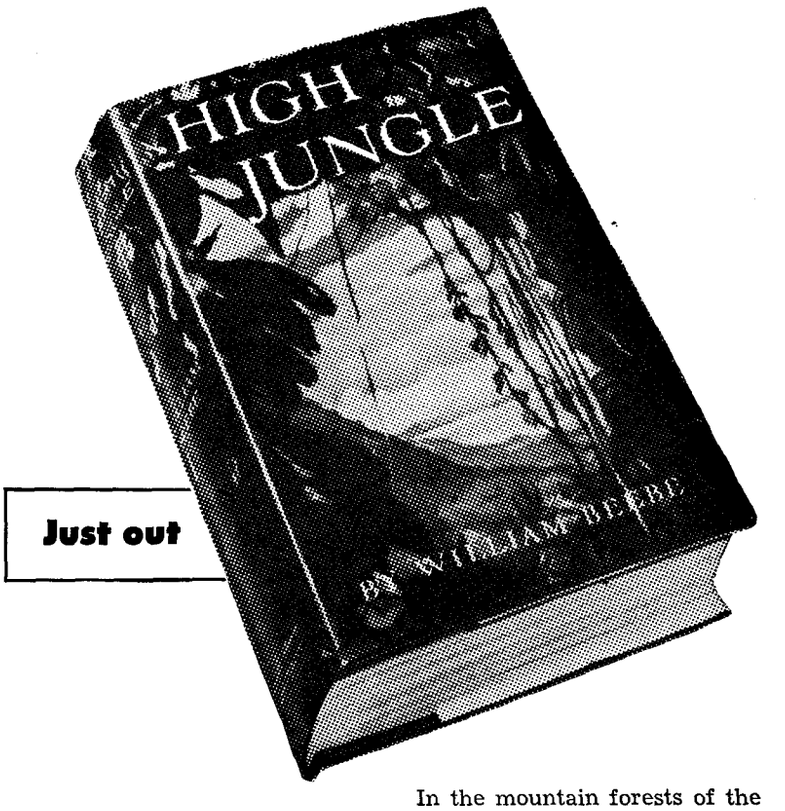
That is the nucleus of Egon Glesinger's concise, authoritative report on the technologic potentials of wood. It is a book of hope and economic cheer for a world made morbid, since 1945, by the doomsday prophecies of the neo-Malthusians. It is an important book for the reason that it bridges the semantic abyss between botany, chemistry, and everyday living with explanations that should give the layman new understanding of forestry, and bring a glow of remorse for some of the chapters in our national history.

The cellulose and lignin that make up the fibers of every piece of wood are only now, Dr. Glesinger reports, being unraveled to chemical components that reveal the tree as a source of most of the economic commodities needed by man, from automobile fuel to clothing, steel-strong plastics, and high protein feeds. Moreover, a managed forest does the job simply and with a sustained yield greater than "good" farmland.

> If the supplies of oil [he says] cannot keep pace with motor-fuel requirements, alcohol from wood will fill the gap or, perhaps, a new superfuel will be derived from hydrogenated lignin. If more fibers are needed than cotton fields and sheep's backs can supply, rayon and other wood synthetics will take care of rising clothing standards. If the output of meat, milk, and eggs does not rise according to plan, sawdust will be converted into high-protein feed. And if an expanding economy requires more paints, more leather—or more potable liquor—than other sources can supply, the integrated forest factories of tomorrow will simply expand those departments.

Forest industries, under such an economy, would consist of factories combining pulp mills with sawmills, alcohol and plastics manufacturing units and assembly plants for "synthetic hardwoods, prefabricated houses and house parts." Around these centers would develop a new-old rural profession of tree-farming—the author uses the pleasant seventeenth-

Dr. William Beebe's New Book



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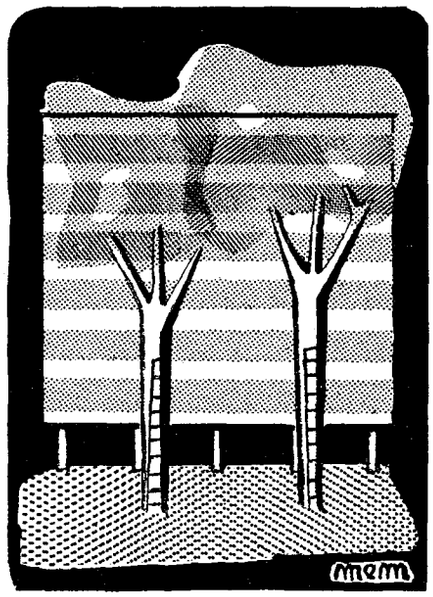
century term of "silviculture." And, he confidently predicts:

> in the not too distant future, when 630 million acres of forest land will make their full contribution to American prosperity, they will offer direct and indirect employment to as many as 12,000,000 persons, one-fifth of the prospective working population. They will contribute not less than ten per cent of a gross national income that will be in excess of 200 billion dollars.

Even more spectacular wood welfare is promised for Asia, where 500,000 men, in twenty years, could plant the billion acres of forest land needed to bring that continent back to economic security. In India, adequate supplies of fuel wood alone would set free enough fertilizer, via the cowdung now burned, to boost national food production by thirteen per cent.

As the cornerstone for his mart of wood-plenty, Dr. Glesinger gives a restrained journalistic report on the wood fuels and cattle feeds that bolstered Sweden during World War II, the cold logic that evolved Hermann Goering's "European Wood Commission," and the lobbyist shenanigans in Washington during 1943-44 that sought to prevent WLB-financing of Erwin Schaefer's wood-sugar process. Certainly, few men are so eminently suited to recite these facts or to use them in the development of economic postulates. Dr. Glesinger was secretary-general of the League of Nations' International Timber Committee from 1933 on, and is currently chief of the Forest Products Branch of the Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) of United Nations.

Overall, this book is a mine of information and challenge for anyone remotely interested in the future of the world's food, fiber, and fuel supplies. The chapters on "Wood Sugar," "Wood Alloys," "Plastics," "Chemicals—Ready Made," and "Wood Gas" constitute an adult-education program in modern home-planning, and should be as interesting to the housewife, the farmer, and the businessman as they will be to soil conservationists and the fervent group following the progress of research into photosynthesis and the causations of chlorophyll.



Science, so arrogant and positive in the nineteenth century, had become humble before the intricate chemistry of nature long before the atom bomb gave the rest of us a faint inkling of the elementary forces operating in our daily life. Now we are beginning to realize that the Greeks, Egyptians, and ancient Britons were at least economic and scientific realists when they worshipped nature. Urbanized man, too smug in his concrete and steel nest, has much to learn of his reliance on trees, chlorophyll, sunshine, rain, and dirt. This book is an excellent starting place for such an education, quite aside from the fact that it offers objective planning for world plenty in response to the "oh, Gawd, we're gonna starve" boys.

I grew a little weary of the author's repetitive: "This may sound startling." This is a startling age, and the most startling discoveries of all seem destined to come from the places many have been prone to look upon as passé: namely, the farmlands and the forests.

It may not be within a reviewer's province to recommend outlets for a book. None the less, I trust the promotion department at Messrs. Simon & Schuster will make tracks to lay this book before the leadership of the Farm Bureau, the National Grange, the Farmers Union, and the 4-H Clubs. Equally important, too, would be some parlor-sociable discussions of the contents by the members of America's 12,000 farmer-owned cooperatives, plus the 80,000 employees of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The future of "silviculture"—hence, perhaps the hope of world-plenty—lies in their hands.

Robert West Howard, formerly associate editor of the Farm Journal *and editor of the* Pathfinder Magazine, *is author of "Two Billion Acre Farm."*

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FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 309

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 309 will be found in the next issue.

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HMNSLH, AP GKAMMX

DPLL.—FPXFLO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 308

Tis more noble to forgive, and more manly to despise, than to revenge an injury.

—B. FRANKLIN.

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WRITING

(*Continued from page 13*)

bid hero who for decades wept his way through the literature of Europe. His attitudes—including love of nature and revolt against convention and rationalism—contributed to the growing romantic movement. To English readers today he is probably most familiar in Thackeray's parody about how he met his Charlotte while she was cutting bread and butter; but parody came after Werther had played his serious role. The study of his literary influence has received scattered attention, but now Mr. Atkins applies himself with diligence to tracing the influence systematically on English, German, and French poetry and drama. (Novels are omitted as being insignificant and mediocre.) Purely as a documentary study it is impressive enough, but Mr. Atkins does more: he integrates each varied manifestation of the Werther cult with its own *Zeitgeist*. In dealing with such an intricate phase of literary history he is conversant with a wide range of literatures which he uses with intelligent perception. At the end of the book is a complete bibliography, listing all the Werther literature (including such oddities as a Chinese play version and Mrs. Salmon's waxworks). It is a rich study, especially appropriate this year of Goethe's bicentennial.

THE TRIALS OF A TRANSLATOR, by Ronald Knox. Sheed & Ward. $2. For the past ten years Msgr. Knox has been engaged on an authorized Roman Catholic translation of the Bible into English. In this sheaf of essays he chats in a most engaging manner about the enjoyable trials his work has entailed. Ordinarily a translator's lot is not a happy one; in this case it is complicated by his having to use the Vulgate version as his basic text, and his depending on the original sources for disputed readings. In addition, his translation must compete with two traditional ones, the King James and the Douay. What Msgr. Knox is aiming for, as he explains, is a Bible that is written in idiomatic, natural, "timeless English" that will make the reader enjoy it as reading instead of as pious exercise. It is obviously a formidable problem. Whether or not he has solved it, he has been teased into a discussion that is fascinating because of his keen intellect and muscular charm. Only one short essay, the fourth, is unrelievedly dull and technical, and in a way that is fortunate. It shows how refreshingly bright and amusing the others are. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

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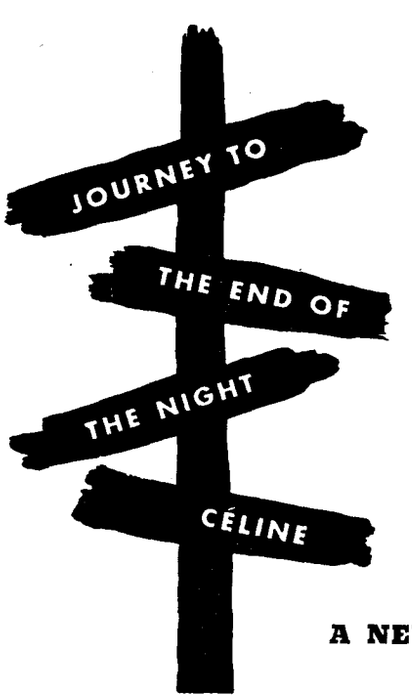

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Seeing Things

CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER

"IT APPEARED to me," explained Dickens, "that to draw a knot of such associates in crime as really do exist; to paint them in all their deformity, in all their wretchedness, in all the squalid poverty of their lives; to show them as they really are, forever skulking uneasily through the dirtiest paths of life, with the great, black, ghastly gallows closing up their prospects, turn them where they may; it appeared to me that to do this, would be to attempt a something which was greatly needed, and which would be a service to society. And therefore I did it as I best could."

The result, and a memorable best it remains, was "Oliver Twist." It seems important to stress "the service to society" Dickens had in mind, since one would gather from all the foolish agitation about Fagin, which has kept the British film of "Oliver Twist" * from being shown in this country, that the sole purpose of the novel, its author, and the movie was to do a great disservice to the Jews.

In the outraged speeches and the suppressive tactics of the protesting Jewish groups (most of whose members have not seen the movie and are determined that no other Americans shall see it), Fagin has emerged as if he were the only character in "Oliver Twist." Some prominent Jews, such as Rabbi Theodore N. Lewis and Henry Epstein, have found him objectionable, not because he is a villain, but because he is a Jewish villain. They have argued, therefore, that he is at once a danger and an insult; a gross libel on a proud and fine people and a possible contributor to the spread of anti-Semitism in a world which, of late, has suffered hideously from the horrors of racial persecution. The claim has been made that moviegoers, still free to read the book, would, if they were permitted to see the film, mistake all Jews for Fagins and Fagin for all Jews.

No decent person in these frequently indecent times would think of adding one twig to the smoldering fires of intolerance. But the tolerant attitude of the many will never be achieved by the intolerant actions of the few. In a land dedicated to freedom, it still seems advisable to consider the specific case before springing to the generality. When last in these columns (*SRL* March 12) I mentioned the film of "Oliver Twist," I did so without having seen it. Then I was concerned with a principle; a principle of democratic rights and freedom which seemed to me imperiled by the increasing tendency of hypersensitive minority groups to seek to censor whatever happens to be unfavorable to one of their members.

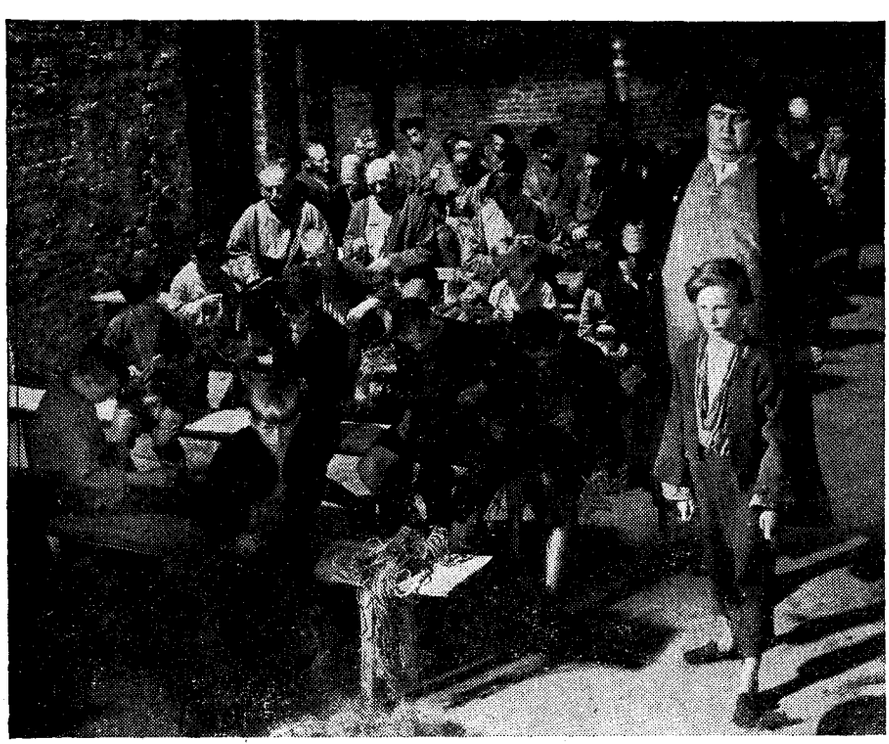
Since then, however, at a small private showing, I have seen the new screen version of "Oliver Twist." For the life of me, I cannot understand how any gentile American who is not a moron or any Jewish American who is not suffering from hallucinations or a persecution mania could discover a provocation for anti-Semitism in either Fagin as a character or "Oliver Twist" as a picture.

That Fagin, as brilliantly played by Alec Guinness, remains a villain in the film, I cannot deny. That in spite of never being referred to as a Jew on the screen, though he is so identified in the novel, he continues to be the bearded, beak-nosed, and gaberdined figure of Dickens's descriptions and Cruikshank's drawings, I will admit. But Fagin, Jewish villain that he is, is only one rogue in a crowded rogues' gallery; a single culprit in a long police line-up.

Wicked and merciless as Fagin is, he seems almost kindly compared to the villainous gentiles who are his confederates, or have been his predecessors, in maltreating Oliver. At least he smiles occasionally at Oliver. And feeds him, when the others have starved him. And makes him laugh. And does not spend his whole time beating or abusing him.

As a master of thieves and a receiver of stolen goods, Fagin must be an arch-conniver. Even so, his brutality is as nothing compared to the brutality of that total and terrible brute Bill Sikes. Fagin is, of course, unburdened by morals. But at any rate he does not pretend to intrude into the moral world to which Monks has the appearance, and only the appearance, of belonging. Certainly, Fagin's share is passive, compared to Nancy's active part, in the kidnapping of Oliver.

ALL of these characters, the Jew no less than the gentiles, are the products of "the cold, wet, shelterless midnight streets of London; the foul and frowsy dens where vice is closely packed and lacks the room to turn;



—*From the film.*

"The real, the final, the appalling villain is poverty."

**OLIVER TWIST, a screen play by David Lesan and Stanley Haynes, based on Charles Dickens's novel. Photographed by Guy Green. Sets by John Bryan. Costumes by Margaret Furse. Music by Sir Arnold Bax. Directed by Mr. Lean. Produced by Ronald Neame. Presented by J. Arthur Rank. With a cast including John Howard Davies, Robert Newton, Alec Guinness, Kay Walsh, Francis L. Sullivan, Henry Stephenson, Josephine Stuart, Ralph Truman, Anthony Newley, Gibb McLaughlin, etc. No theatre.*

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the haunts of hunger and disease, the shabby rags that scarcely hold together." In the film, as in the book, these creatures are professional criminals. They are at once the victims and the expressions of the filth and the slums of early nineteenth-century London. One of the film's many merits is that the festering streets and hovels in which these people hide away are as graphically realized in John Bryan's settings as they are in Dickens's pages.

The criminals, however, in "Oliver Twist" are not limited to Londoners or to those who have thieving as their avowed profession. This was clear in the novel, and is even clearer on the screen, where the emphasis on the workhouse chapters is far greater than it is in the book. Indeed, this very shift in emphasis, and this long dwelling upon and exploring of the tortures to which Oliver is exposed in his pre-London days, may seem to some loyal Dickensians a distortion. But since good movies are bound to be equivalents rather than the duplications of good books, and "Oliver Twist" is an exceptionally fine film, these changes more than justify themselves even if they entail the sacrifice of such well-known and expected incidents as the burglary chapter.

These other, these provincial criminals, so vividly realized on the screen, live in a town which Dickens, for understandable reasons, thought it "prudent to refrain from mentioning." They are a shocking crew of hypocrites, cheats, sadists, and liars. If anything, they are more terrible and less forgivable than Bill Sikes, Fagin, the Artful Dodger, and the rest, because either charity is their business or grief their stock in trade. Christians though they suppose themselves to be, they have made a travesty of Christianity. They are drawn deliberately — and clearly — as disgraces not only to the Church of England but to the human race. As paid servitors of the parish, they have sinned against the ill and the dying, the old and the young, the trusting and the helpless. They have grown fat in the fashion of Mr. Bumble, the beadle, by starving orphans. Or inhuman in the Matron's manner. They are as flinthearted as the comfortable members of the workhouse board; as violent as Mrs. Sowerberry, the undertaker's wife; or as mean as Noah Claypole, the undertaker's assistant. They live by doing those things they ought not to do, and there is no good in them.

Yet all these other characters, though they out-Sikes Sikes, are not the real villains of "Oliver Twist." The real, the final, the appalling villain of the film, as of the book, is

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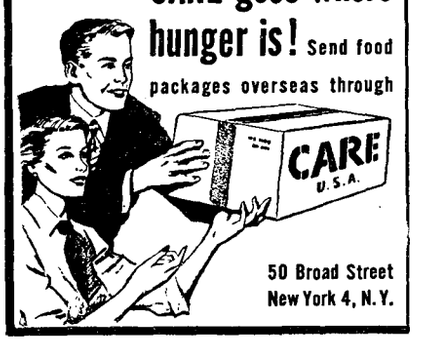

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poverty. It is the poverty tolerated by a society which has no conscience, which leaves its slums uncleared, degrades its unfortunates, and shuts its eyes, as Dickens could not shut his, to the conditions which breed precisely such wretches.

In other words, the major impact of "Oliver Twist" as a movie continues to be what it was as a novel. In spite of the absorption of its storytelling, the overwhelming power of its individual scenes, and its unforgettable characters (or aren't they caricatures?), it is the challenging and unsparing work of a social reformer. Its low-life figures shocked Thackeray. Other Englishmen when it first appeared, though they did not think of stooping to suppress the book, were made no less uncomfortable by it. As Hesketh Pearson indicates in the immensely readable pages of his new "Dickens," there were even those who objected to its "sort of Radicalish tone."

The people from whom you might expect to hear resounding protests because of this new film of "Oliver Twist" are the British. It is the uglier aspects of their past which this English-made movie ruthlessly exposes. It is English institutions in the late 1830's which it pillories. It is English women and English men from whom it draws all but one of its numerous villains. Yet contemporary Britishers, instead of being outraged by the film, instead of seeking to ban it, instead of resorting to censorship and claiming that they must all be shown as heroes or not be shown at all, have said nothing. They have accepted it for what it is—an uncommonly exciting and skilful movie made from a long-established and long-cherished classic.

The British attempts to show "Oliver Twist" in Germany and Austria were unwise. But the attempts of some of the Jewish minority groups to suppress it in this country seem equally unwise. Ignoring for the moment the all-important principles threatened by such pressure-group tactics, I can only say that, having seen the film, I am the more surprised at the hurt feelings and indignation the mere thought (though not the sight) of Fagin has provoked. These seem to me not only unfounded but curiouser and curiouser.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 16)

ing, with patience and faint irony, to modern change. She seats the reader at her Sussex firesides so hospitably that the success of a household omelet becomes to him a matter of moment and the rearrangement of farmhouse furniture imperative to his sense of peaceful space. Good talk warms his heart here and at the friendly pub called Catherine Wheel, not literary talk, but people's talk about marriage, religion, regional farm problems, and the neighbors.

As for the people themselves, they live and move with typical Kaye-Smith naturalness. It is regrettable that they should be unanimous in their lack of understanding of Alice's pathetic husband. But, after all, they are weatherwise farm folk skilled in practical husbandry, not psychologists trained to recognize the defense mechanisms of a human failure. It is as integral to the East Sussex behavior pattern that they should find the man ridiculous as it is that Kemp should prefer Rose's steak and onions to Alice's fondue. That is exactly the sort of touch that keeps Sheila Kaye-Smith high up in the ranks of novelists who count.

The Polio Path

THE TREMBLING YEARS By Elsie Oakes Barber. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 237 pp. $3.

Reviewed by BETSY BARTON

KATHY STORM lived the exciting, vivid life of all extremely pretty American girls—until she was seventeen. She dreamed all the dreams of popular, athletic American girls—until she was seventeen. And she danced and skiied and swam with Steve, her faithful childhood sweetheart—until she was seventeen. Then, suddenly, in the midst of her joy and expectations, all this ended for Kathy: she was struck down by infantile paralysis.

"The Trembling Years" is the story of Kathy's reaction to this death to one life that she was forced to die, and of her slow, painful rebirth into another, different kind of life. With poetic warmth, and with the kind of exactitude which can come only from direct experience, Elsie Barber Oakes dramatizes the steps which Kathy is forced to take into this particular valley of the shadow, and the ones she must take in order to come out again, victoriously.

There is the pain at first, and the

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pain is anesthetic against the ravages of the disease. Then there is escape, and Kathy tries every form, seeking to avoid the knowledge of how much she has been damaged. Then there is the feeling of guilt and the futile questions: Why me? What have I done? And then there is the separation from others, and the beginning of the struggle with loneliness. Kathy's mother and her brother David hover around her and she hides her bewildered terror behind a shell which grows more impenetrable as the months pass. She becomes, finally, a stranger, entirely surrounded by strangers.

How Kathy is persuaded to help herself and relearn to walk on her one good leg, not because she is courageous but because of her fear of being abandoned and of her fear of being separated from David, on whom she is completely dependent, Miss Barber handles with subtle clarity.

Kathy returns to college, makes friends, joins a sorority, and it would seem that, although she walks still with David's arm as crutch, she has done all that could be expected to help herself. Yet the final, brutal facts are still to come, the facts that are never apparent when disaster first strikes. Kathy slowly learns that if the body is hurt, so are the mind and heart. She has been maimed spiritually as well as physically. She begins to see that she has become selfish, passive, envious, and blind to the feelings of others.

Her victory over these sins of pride, these poisonous seeds that are always sown by suffering, make up the remainder of the story. Miss Barber writes with insight and compassion. Her narrative has pace and liveliness. She is guilty of one or two sentimental and fortuitous situations, and her ending is too slick and idyllic. Yet she must be excused on the ground that she renders valuable service to all those who would understand the pattern of reaction to tragedy, a pattern which she has tapped at the universal level, so we learn when we have finished her book that we have experienced the feelings and thoughts not only of Kathy Storm, but of all individuals who have ever been seriously hurt.

In Bondage to Evil

THE DESPERATE WALL. By Roberta Hill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1949. 250 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by KENNETH S. DAVIS

PRECISELY what Roberta Hill was trying to do in this, her first novel, remains unclear to me. She is not without talent. She manages to infuse her generally unsavory characters with a kind of lurid vitality, and her landscapes and interiors—bathed though they be in gloom—are uncommonly effective. Her style will undoubtedly be praised by critics who like it "spare" and "understated" (as though understatement weren't as serious a distortion as overstatement). Certainly it is of the kind which has become traditional for "realistic" portrayals of small-town life and it is in perfect harmony with the harsh subject-matter.

But the book as a whole is a reworking of ground that has been churned to a dusty boredom since Ed Howe first plowed it in his "The Story of a Country Town"—back in the 1880's, wasn't it?—and I find it difficult to believe that Miss Hill did not intend a deeper meaning. Puritanical religion is arraigned as a vicious hypocrisy. Small-town life is arraigned as ugly and frustrating, a breeder of aggressions which express themselves in malicious gossip. And heavy upon the characters lies a dreary hopelessness. Only the evil persons of the book display any force of character; the others are all in helpless bondage to the evil ones, or to the sordid environment which evil has made.

The story revolves around the psychological sadism and lust for power of Aunt Carrie Bittner, a grossly fat and wholly repulsive old lady who runs a cheap hotel in the tiny Midwestern town. Her principal vocation is the ruination of her nieces and nephews and these latter, with a disgusting lack of spirit (or is it masochism?) permit themselves to be ruined. They submit so passively, indeed, that I don't see how the old lady can get much fun out of it. The book ends when a niece by marriage kills herself and her no-good husband in a deliberate auto wreck, staged in a blinding snowstorm—an event which seemed to me a distorted echo of "Ethan Frome."

The publishers describe the novel as "tense" and "compassionate." I disagree. There is lacking that tension between opposite poles which makes for dramatic interest: the evil side has won all the victories at the outset. And equally lacking are those deeper intuitions of character which make for a certain sympathy even with those who, in the eyes of the world, are wholly evil.

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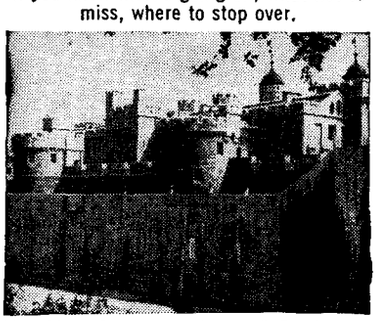

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Quiet Chap

ON THE HIGHEST HILL. By Roderick Haig-Brown. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1949. 319 pp. $3.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

COLIN ENSLEY grew up in Canada's western lumbering country, hated conflict of any kind, was shy, withdrawn, and preferred the solitude of the mountains and forests to being with people. His teacher, young Mildred Hanson, thought him destined for greatness and ultimately fell in love with him. But all her encouragements and all Colin's travels including a trip to Europe made possible by the war failed to develop the greatness she had sensed. Colin remains shy and withdrawn, and when his beloved solitudes are destroyed by logging, he is destroyed too.

A few of the book's other folk—particularly Colin's father—come clearly into focus, but not enough to put springiness into a tale that Colin's own quietness seems to muffle.

Mr. Haig-Brown appears most inspired by the vast and unpeopled Canadian mountain country, which he evidently knows well. The reader who longs for forest solitudes, mountain climbing, and trap lines may find himself living vicariously through Colin Ensley. But Mr. Haig-Brown's skill as a story-teller is not sufficiently strong to arouse the enthusiasm of a reader, even a lover of nature, who expects more than the satisfying of such a special interest in his fiction.

The novel is competent on most counts but not exciting. Why not? I think because Mr. Haig-Brown has not clearly enough understood the central character on whom the whole book depends. We are led at the beginning to expect Colin to grow up to greatness, and we are disappointed. By the tests of our culture he fails because he fails to live with anyone or for anyone but himself. Mr. Haig-Brown seems to have notions of making Colin into a tragic character, but for tragedy one must have great aspirations, great struggles, in order that the ultimate failure may be full of meaning. Colin, despite his gentleness and his physical skill, never comes to grips with the world. His retreat is not even a retreat of one who has tasted the world's rewards and found them not worth striving for. The fixation on his mother is introduced too late and pursued too little to explain Colin and convince the reader.

It is possible that Colin's creator wanted to criticize a society in which such people as Colin must be judged failures. If so, he has failed to persuade, for Colin fails to contribute anything to society, and we have no other scale by which to measure a man's value.

Static rather than dramatic and lacking humor in either the wide or the narrow sense, "On the Highest Hill" is a book which will appeal primarily to readers who are already excited about lumbering, or western Canada, or living alone in virgin forest, or who find in Colin a spirit like their own.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE FAMISHED PARSON *George Bellairs* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Bashing of emaciated Bishop at English seaside resort where Insp. Littlejohn is vacationing sets stage for intricate, exciting chase.	Littlejohn's persuasive methods with cast of amusing—and sufficiently sinister—characters gives extra zest to ably plotted, mystifying affair.	Grade A British
PLUNDER OF THE SUN *David Dodge* (Random House: $2.50)	Operative Al Colby, in Chile, takes on smuggling job that leads through sundry fatalities to partial salvage of lost Inca treasure.	Struggle to get parchment that tells all about Inca hoard provides plentiful action, information, colorful backgrounds, and some romance.	Exciting
WALK THE DARK STREETS *William Krasner* (Harper: $2.50)	Knifing of small-city nitery entertainer in hotel offers variety of tragic suspects to plodding but imaginative Homicide Capt. Birge.	Sordid first slaying, murderous aftermath, and strange solution portrayed with bleak but entirely effective realism. Punch but no frills.	Grim—and good

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the Phoenix Nest

ON REREADING "ETHAN FROME"

WHAT brought frail Mattie Silver to my mind
That melancholy twilight late in fall,
And made me seek her lover's name defined
In gold among the books that lined the wall?
A troubled love that mirrored their romance?
Another Starkfield winter on the way?
A Zeena-like relentless circumstance
Unconscious of the havoc it must play?
Not these: a simple need to understand
How they had loved who never spoke love's name;
While our wise theorems, written in the sand,
Yield us, as love's philosophers, but fame.
No warmth, no joy sufficient to the hour:
Ours the dry seed, but theirs the crumpled flower.

—MARILOU S. LODER.

* * *

HERRING FOR GRANDFATHER

Roe herring was Grandfather's wish;
Roe herring was his chosen dish.
"Fit for the best of men," he said,
"Is herring and hot batter bread."

The Chesapeake, James, and Rappahannock;
Chickahominy, York, and the Potomac
Gave roe herring to soothe his hunger
Until it seemed they could no longer.

There was no doubt this *aqua manna*
Might bless the Hudson or Susquehanna.
From Kennebec and Penobscot some might be deducted;
But Grandfather had never been reconstructed.

"Up North, the fish," Grandfather swore,
"Are nervous and skinny"; and he was sure
This urge of production in Northern waters
Was not directed toward herring daughters.

All herring unequipped with roe,
Grandfather thought malapropos;
And it was not without compunction
He acknowledged the male to have a function.

Grandfather bows his grizzled head
Over the fish and batter bread.
He says a grace for both the dishes,
With special praise for herring fishes.

—BRODIE HERNDON.

* * *

CONVERSATION WITH A CEILING

Why do I usually wake at about 2:00 A.M.? It's because you go to bed so early. Yes, but I often read in bed till nearly midnight. You didn't last night; your book fell to the floor at ten. Why is the world full of dictators and Congressmen? And radio commercials? . . . Thought police, thought control; why on earth are they spending all this time trying to establish the fact that Marx advocated the complete overthrow of capitalism and that Lenin did the same when everybody knows and has known for years and years that that is just exactly what they did advocate? Am I a reactionary? No, according to that lady who wrote me—a certified public accountant she is—I am a vicious Red and during the war she collected bits of verse of mine in THE PHOENIX NEST and turned them over to the FBI! I wonder whether the FBI liked any of them? I should thank all the people who have written me about the *Life* business. God, please let me thank all those good people! I will be excessively noble and even thank those people who wrote in saying I was a dupe, a dope, a traitor to the cause of freedom, etc., etc. I also thank, on my own side, a number of warmheartedly violent contribs and Editor Lalone of the *Christian Leader*, a Universalist journal founded by Hosea Ballou in 1819, long may it wave! He spoke of me perhaps too kindly. And the lady who sat under Dr. Emery Shipler's ministry in St. Paul's, Chatham, for some six years, Sunday after Sunday, and bears witness to his true Christianity. And Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont, who said, "It is so comforting to know that there are a few people, anyway, with the courage to speak out. Do it again." But I think the meanest thing about those *Life* pictures was that of Vida Dutton Scudder, a great and good woman and author of "The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets," "Socialism and Character," "Social Teachings of the Christian Year," editor of the works of John Woolman in Everyman's Library,

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and of Bede's history of England in the same series! A fine, fighting Christian Socialist of the old school, a type of the spiritually independent American who lived in another atmosphere, the atmosphere of intellectual freedom! Well, why do I go on subscribing to a magazine that flatters the groundlings so blatantly? Because some of its color work on artists and on culture, both ancient and modern, is admirable. You can, perhaps, overlook the eternal cheesecake. Cheesecake and corpses, a friend of mine once said during the late war!

Franco! Dear, sweet little Franco, the Hitler stooge—the pretending friend of America. Now, play him up, cuddle him close, forgive him his Fascism! Dear, sweet man!

Life wanted me to consider doing some work for them once! It amuses me to remember that I said, "No."

Oh well, forget, forget the barren fool in power! Who wrote that? John Masefield. "The madman in command, the jealous O!" Almost Shakespearean. And on the streets of San Francisco a man thrust a card into my hand. One side bore a very Teutonic conception of what Christ Jesus Our Lord looked like, the type they take for Oberammergau, but the other side had close print that I did not read till later. Well, you might as well try to remember it, provided by the Salvation Army and the "Y"s in the USO. "Here is a man who was born in an obscure village—" That's the way it began. "He never wrote a book, he never held an office. He never owned a home, He never had a family. [That's not so!] He never put His foot inside a big city . . . He was turned over to his enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves . . . When He was dead He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend . . . I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has that One solitary life." Yes, that stays in my wallet. And there was a story among the last in Ernest Hemingway's "Men Without Women," written and published about twenty years ago, "To-Day Is Friday," the conversation of three Roman soldiers. Remember it? It is a different kind of comment on the Crucifixion. "He was pretty good in there today." It's the way the soldiers would talk. As one of them said of the onlookers, "They were a pretty yellow crowd." Then Professor Matthieson, according to my friend, when lecturing on Thoreau, forgets that Thoreau was an incorruptible individualist. "To ally him with any totalitarian movement is blasphemy." I think so too. But, great guns, how they all *want* to be totalitarians, on this side, on that side! How they *love* it! How they love to fool themselves that one neat parcel of theory—or of dogma—explains everything, will cure everything, will fix up everything in less than five minutes—or years. And look at them! I'd rather have paradoxes and parables. They're all so busy suppressing thought. "My kind of thought is the only right kind!" What a heel Henry the Eighth was! That's because you just saw "Anne of the Thousand Days"! Well, he *was* a heel! All that slaughter. Sir Thomas More. Sir Thomas was a right one. All that slaughter. All that theft. All the slaughter through the ages. Over what you've got to believe—or else! Over what you've got to think—or else! Oh, for God's sake go to sleep! Well, for your *own* sake! Slaughter, intolerance, bigotry, only a few good boys will be saved, Tom Clark will get you if you don't watch out, you are guilty of tailism, of frontism, of halfassism, of creating a diversion, of unlawfully assembling your thoughts. Why doesn't Gromyko ever laugh? I know it is none of my business, but why are they all so *dead*? Litvinov used to laugh. We liked Litvinov because he laughed. Why didn't they keep Litvinov? Bloody Assize . . . Jeffreys . . . You might just as well have back Judge Jeffreys. This would be *your* world, Judge Jeffreys, wouldn't it? Nonsense. That's all far away and long ago. Judge Medina: Entirely different. A little man trying to be patient, trying to give the defendants every chance, trying to be fair and square and to stick to the indictment. While defendants' counsel tries to make a monkey out of him. Where, but in America . . . ! Think of poetry. "A green isle in the sea, love, a fountain and a shrine . . ." and "perilous seas in faery lands forlorn," and perilous seas . . . of sleep . . . in a beautiful peagreen boat . . . far and few, far and few . . . far . . . and they went to sea in a sieve!

—William Rose Benét.

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THE S-F PHENOMENON

(*Continued from page* 10)

tion in 1872. The Erewhonians developed machines to a high degree and then began to fear that machines might develop consciousness and supersede man. (Right now there is research in progress at MIT to probe the relationship between man's consciousness and that of "thinking" machines such as calculators. Professor Norbert Wiener's book "Cybernetics" takes the problem up seriously and scientifically.) The Erewhonians decided to destroy their machines before the machines could destroy them.

In "Forgetfulness," Don Stuart goes beyond Butler into a very distant future when pioneers from a far star, Pareeth, visit a planet called Rhth by its inhabitants. Rhth is a fair, green world. Its people live a pleasant, pastoral life, having apparently forgotten the science and culture of their ancestors who built magnificent machines and cities that still endure though long deserted. When the Pareethmen attempt to colonize Rhth, they learn that the "decadent" Rhth people have no more "forgotten" their ancestors' machine science than today's man with a match has forgotten how to make fire by rubbing sticks together.

The Rhthmen—who have a mental rather than mechanical control over the forces of space, time, and matter—simply "think" their unwelcome visitors off into space, directing them toward an uninhabited planet.

Here, instead of destroying machines and with them, their benefits, the "Rhthmen" find their good life beyond machines.

Some science fiction draws inspiration from man's ever-lurking fears—of invasion from other worlds, of earth's destruction by collision with another body, and of man-destroying plagues or weapons.

An effective calamity story is "Tomorrow's Children" written in 1947 by Paul Anderson and F. N. Waldrop. Time: after the next war. When the Acting President of the U.S., whose office is a shack in the Cascade Mountains, sends Hugh Drummond on a population survey, Drummond finds that in what small, scattered settlements there are left, the birthrate is less than half normal. Of children born, seventy-five per cent have visible deformities. Radioactivity has poisoned the entire country, perhaps the entire world. Mutations are now the norm, not the exception.

Drummond is no longer sure that he should regret the loss of his own

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wife and children in the atomic bombing of St. Louis. He reports back but fails to convince the President that "the problem is to learn to live with the mutants, to accept anyone as—Earthling—no matter how he looks." The President vows to save the human stock by killing all mutants now —until his wife bears their child, a boy whose arms and legs end in boneless digits.

Not a glorious postwar future, to say the least. But here again science fiction is doing its job of observing present trends—the bad along with the good—and anticipating one possible line of development.

Since so much of science fiction concerns travel to and from outer space, the s-f fan knows his solar geography. He can tell you that our moon is less than two light seconds away—a trip of a few days in ships as fast as the Army's new rocket planes. And that moon travel is practically here. Interplanetary travel is something else again. Mars, at its nearest approach, is three light minutes away, a trip of several months or a year. When it comes to interstellar travel, then you're talking about distance. The nearest star is three and one-half light *years* away as against the moon's two *seconds*. How could an Earthman be alive by the time he reached a star since the trip might take hundreds or even thousands of years? Readers demand an explanation, however sketchy.

Some authors mention space-warping—a variously defined operation. Others write of teleportation—transportation by thought control. Still others put their space voyagers into suspended animation for star-bound flights.

In "Universe" Robert Heinlein, who treats the problems of space travel plausibly, sends some explorers off for the nearest stars in a huge space ship which is a self-sufficient community of families. They set out in 2119. As the years go by, some leaders die and others are killed by mutineers. Generations later when the voyagers' descendants have forgotten the purpose and destination of their trip, their gigantic, wonderfully built ship is still traveling in space but aimlessly. Its air conditioning works and its artificially lighted farms produce enough to feed the inhabitants of this metal-bound world. But instead of being a means to an end, the ship has become the end itself. It *is* the universe—with all the taboos and superstitions of a primitive society.

One rebellious young man takes to wandering about the Forbidden Places—the library and control room. He begins to read. And one day he sees the stars. There is, then, a world outside this universe as the books have told him! The boy is fired with desire to convince others. He and his shipmates must rediscover their purpose, must learn to guide their ship again.

Along with its sociological speculation—of a Dark Age falling when people are cut off from all outside contacts, and of the power of books to bring new light—"Universe" is a first-rate readable story.

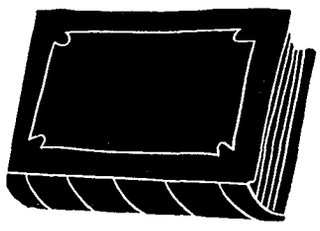
STORIES like most of Heinlein's can painlessly introduce readers to the field of science fiction. But there are others which a newcomer will find hopelessly confusing. The classic example of this type is the sad tale of a man who went back in time and killed his own grandfather as a small boy. Now if his grandfather died as a small boy, where does that leave him? Hanging astonished in space-time? Dyed-in-the-wool s-f fans accept such paradoxes in their stride.

Most readers of science fiction are men. The proportion of women readers is just about that of women scientists and technicians. Like the readers, most writers are also men. Many are prominent scientists writing under pen names.

A prominent s-f story and article writer is J. J. Coupling. At a recent convention of radio and electrical engineers it was announced that J. J. Coupling would speak on science fiction. A sensitive engineer complained. This fellow Coupling was to follow Dr. John R. Pierce, a top research engineer at Bell Telephone Laboratories who was scheduled to give a major paper on traveling-wave tubes. That was, he thought, extremely discourteous to Dr. Pierce. An engineering student piped up: "I don't know about Pierce, but Coupling's *good*."

The meeting went along as scheduled. Dr. Pierce finished his highly technical report—then donned a set of black whiskers to give his talk as Mr. Coupling!

Devotees claim that science fiction is idealistic but non-political. One critic, however, finds it aboil with political implications. "In their science-fiction delirium the authors reveal the innermost secrets of capitalism. With shameless boldness they bring to the surface what serious literature still tries to present in a veiled form." So bellowed a writer in the Russian *Literaturnaya Gazyeta* of March 23, 1948.



Science fiction is far indeed from what its Russian critic claims. Yet not all of it, by any means, is good. See Buck Rogers or Superman. Then there are magazines aimed at readers just two steps above the comic books. And the aim of other magazines seems to be the encouragement of paranoia. Some pulps accent the adventure yarn—among them, *Thrilling Wonder, Startling, Planet,* and *Amazing.* Others, like *Weird Tales,* specialize in fantasy or horror adventures but occasionally print what addicts call "pure" science fiction. Their combined circulation is in the neighborhood of a half million.

One enthusiastic reader of science fiction and fantasy is Harrison Smith, associate editor of *SRL,* who says, however, that the magazines bewilder him. Accordingly, he waits until the best stories are anthologized and the serials put out in book form. A half dozen new publishing houses and two book clubs dedicated solely to the genre have sprung up in the past few years. Now the older publishers are rushing to get in on the act. Van Vogt's "The World of *A*," for example, is first of a series planned by one house.

Science fiction has its cultists who form clubs, go to world conventions —the sixth of which was held in Toronto last summer—and who circulate among themselves mimeographed rave sheets of "fanzines." These fans collect their "classics" so feverishly that a recent issue of *Antiquarian Bookman* was devoted entirely to them.

Can anyone enjoy these stories? Well—anyone who can accept the wild improbabilities of yesterday's science fiction that have become today's realities. Today science fiction asks the reader to accept notions only slightly wilder, and then proceed to enjoy stories that are subtle, exciting, frightening, ingenious, or humorous. Or, again, stories in the tradition of the old utopias.

Today's s-f dreamer of utopia generally avoids the error committed by some of his literary ancestors, that of banning progress. Today we know that there must be change. Will that change be life-giving or life-destroying? Science fiction cannot give the answer. It can, however, be a tonic to the imagination and thus prepare hearts and minds to find—and accept —whatever answers there may be.

Claire Holcomb, now free-lance writing, worked for a time on the Manhattan Project and later as New York field secretary for the Association of Scientists for Atomic Education.

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(Continued from page 38)

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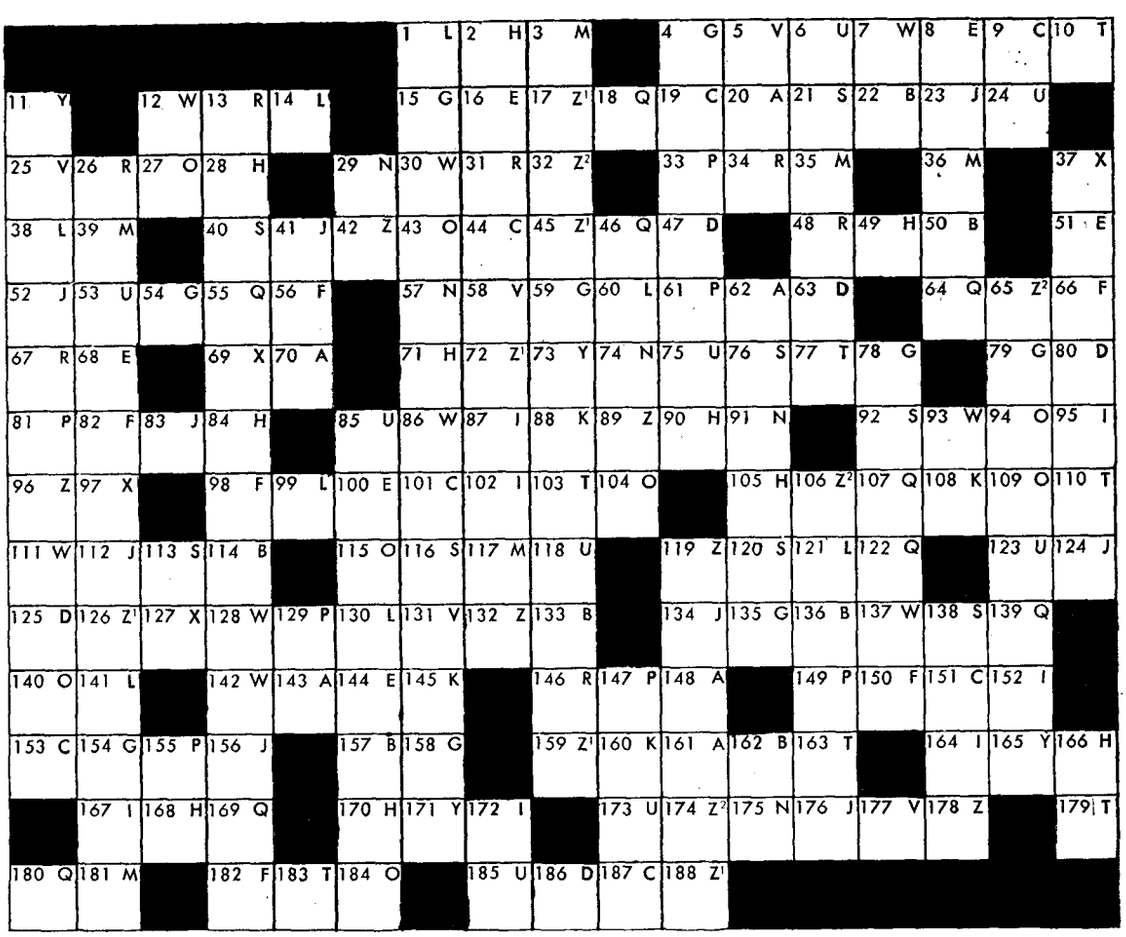
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 792

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Man in general (Ger.).	20 148 70 161 62 143
B. Externality; objectivity (philos.).	157 136 162 22 50 114 133
C. British mercenary in the Revolutionary War.	101 9 153 44 19 151 187
D. A plant louse (zool.).	80 125 63 186 47
E. Owner of a vineyard Ahab coveted (Bib.).	8 144 51 16 100 68
F. First name, American statesman defeated for the U. S. Presidency, 1812.	56 150 98 66 182 82
G. Grievously depressed or troubled.	135 4 158 54 59 15 79 154 78
H. District of London where The Curtain, famous theatre, was located (1576-1625.)	166 2 168 71 28 84 90 170 105 49
I. Irish-born British actor and writer, cousin of R. B. Sheridan (1784-1862).	95 167 102 164 152 172 87
J. To put oneself in touch with one so as to gain favor, etc. (2 wds.; slang).	176 41 23 112 83 124 134 156 52
K. An entrance or passage.	160 108 88 145
L. Recent in origin.	60 141 38 1 130 14 99 121
M. English landscape painter of Dutch descent (1784-1849).	35 3 39 36 117 181
N. Those employed in manual labor on a farm.	74 29 175 91 57

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. A nom de plume used by Spenser.	109 140 115 184 27 43 104 94
P. Any of the four stages of the Brahmanical scheme of life (Hinduism).	33 81 147 149 61 129 155
Q. Not yet made sharp, keen, or eager.	180 107 64 122 55 169 139 46 18
R. Indian of a civilized people, first to greet Cortez in Mexico.	48 13 146 26 34 31 67
S. To go too far.	76 120 113 40 21 116 92 138
T. Certain nomadic hunters of South Africa.	179 103 10 183 110 163 77
U. Vastness in extent or bulk.	85 185 75 123 6 24 53 173 118
V. To confess fully and frankly (2 wds.; colloq.).	5 25 131 177 58
W. To receive hints or news (3 wds.).	137 111 142 30 128 86 7 93 12
X. The cortex (bot.).	127 69 37 97
Y. Current American Yiddish novelist, Warsaw-born.	165 11 73 171
Z. Any of various instruments for pounding, stamping, etc.	89 178 119 132 42 96
Z.[1] Suggested in an indirect manner.	45 72 17 159 126 188
Z.[2] The utterance of one yawning (comp.).	32 106 65 174



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

MAY 28, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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IMPRESSIONS

THE OCCASIONAL comments we have received from undergraduates in universities throughout the country, plus our knowledge of the importance that records play in their existence, prompts us to extend a blanket invitation to any and all such to make their interests and enthusiasms a part of RECORDINGS. Specifically, we petition the generation which has profited from the spade work of the preceding one—the graybeards who were contemporaries of the Bayreuth Wagner recordings and the Glyndebourne Mozart—to tell us what they are hearing and thinking in this postwar era.

We are interested in the informal essay or the ebullient philippic, rather than the learned thesis or the erudite discourse. There is, these days, a wealth of music in recorded form to draw upon, such as never existed previously. How does it accord with the needs of the rising generation of music lovers? What gaps do they want filled? Are there artists and interpreters known to the confirmed record collector which are merely names to the unconfirmed but interested? These are a few of the discussible points which we would like to see touched upon by our friends in the universities.

All opinions related to the points above—or any others concerned with recorded music in general, whether serious or insidious, classic or informal—are solicited by the undersigned, in expositions conforming to the general length of articles used in this publication. The norm would be 1,500 words, with more, or less, acceptable according to the incidence of thought with treatment. In order to permit a proper equality of opportunity, we put the distant deadline of August 1 on the first competition, allowing for library readers and other indirect consumers to compete without handicap.

For the most interesting and provocative commentary concerned with records and RECORDINGS from such a source we will pay $100; other manuscripts are submitted with the understanding that they may be published at customary space rates. Contributions should be accompanied by data certifying the collegiate status of the writer and addressed to "Collegiate Competition," RECORDINGS Editor, *Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Buxtehude or Bebop is acceptable, likewise anything between.

IRVING KOLODIN,
EDITOR, *SRL* RECORDINGS.

JUNE 1949

ARTICLES

Tribal Voices in Many Tongues . . ALAN LOMAX 43
Some Enchanted "Pacific" . . . . . THE EDITOR 45
Report on LP . . . . . C. G. BURKE 49

REVIEWS

Mendelssohn: "Scotch" (Rodzinski) and "Italian" (Szell)
Chausson: Symphony in B flat (Mitropoulos)
Smetana: "Bartered Bride" Excerpts (Beecham)
Schubert: Octet (Vienna Octet)
Tchaikovsky: "Pathétique" (Toscanini) } IRVING KOLODIN 46

Ravel: "Shéhérazade" (Danco) and "Don Quichotte" (Singher) } ROLAND GELATT 47

DEPARTMENTS

RECORDINGS Reports on Classical Releases 48
On Second Hearing 50
My Favorite Records . . . . . JACQUES BARZUN 50
The Basic Library: Bach 52
Hits and Misses . . . . . WILDER HOBSON 53
The Other Side . . . . . JOHN P. MCKNIGHT 54
Some Highs and Lows . . . . . EDWARD TATNALL CANBY . . . 55
The Jazz Beat . . . . . GILBERT MCKEAN 56
RECORDINGS Reports on Popular Releases 57
Letters to the RECORDINGS Editor 58

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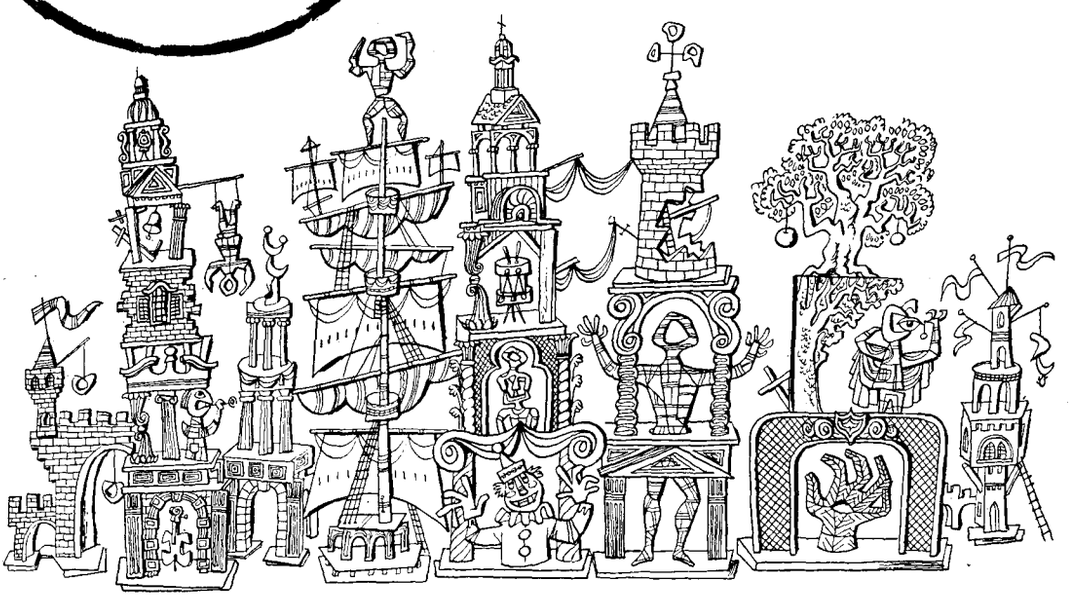

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

Tribal Voices in Many Tongues

ALAN LOMAX

I SUSPECT it was on a tourist's visit to Naples in the nineteenth century that some sentimental literary gentleman opined, "Music is a universal language." This absurd notion has bedeviled collectors of folk and primitive music ever since. I only wish I could hold the author's head firmly against the bell of my loudspeaker while I played him a series of albums. Soft-headed as he was, he would be forced to say, "Music may be a universal language, but what a devilish lot of dialects!"

As is so frequently the case, there is a perverse mite of truth in this apothegm. Of course there is no quicker way to establish a primary emotional contact with an exotic culture than through its music. Yet in all exotic music there lies a hard core of meaning and unfamiliar technique which must be absorbed slowly, and often suffered with, before the intent of the musical language comes clear to the listener.

I have never compared notes with my colleagues on the first impression an unfamiliar musical language makes upon their prejudiced collector's ears. I can recall my first six weeks of suffering in Haiti, while I sat next to the ear-shattering battery of vodun drums, blacking out aurally whenever I could endure no more of the high-pitched, hard voices of the female choruses. Then I remember an extended period of suffering with backwoods fiddlers here in the States. I would prefer not to recall certain other experiences. In every case, however, once I got the hang of the music, once I began to hear the nuances of feeling and humanity amid the blare of strange sounds, there began an interest that turned into liking, thence veering wildly to the state of enthusiasm at which every collector arrives, determined to traduce his friends' musical tastes. At such times, we folklorists share the passion that must have fired Sir Walter Raleigh when he introduced tobacco to the court of Elizabeth.

Music is no universal language, gentle listeners, but if you will study certain recordings of African and Indian music, you will come to appreciate the artistry of songmakers who represent millions of human beings, hundreds of years of history. The portable electric recording machine, transported with no end of difficulty to various corners of the earth, has made your education relatively painless. Beauty lies within these unfamiliar continents of music, beauty which can carry you beyond, if not above, the horizons of the three B's, and of bebop too.

Until the early Thirties musicologists struggled with a system of notation unsuited to exotic musical systems or else endured the nerve-shattering surface of the cylindrical record. Nevertheless, Hornbostel, Sachs, and others gathered material that was suitable for study, if not for listening. The appearance in the early Thirties of the portable electric recorder, which engraved with a diamond point on an aluminum disc, greatly stimulated field recording. Surface scratch was still present, but at least the amplifiers produced a realistic musical sound, sufficient to convince the layman (who financed these voyages) that the results were worth the money.

THE continuing improvement of inexpensive recording devices has further increased the pace of musical documentation. One constantly hears of new batches of records—here a GI back from Micronesia with records, there a linguist with records of the ancient melodies of the Ethiopian Jews. The archives in Washington and, one hears, in Paris, London, and elsewhere, are growing rapidly. A Library of the Music of the World's Peoples — something just dreamed about ten years ago—may soon be a living reality.

Meanwhile many handsome albums of acoustically good records of Afri-

—*Folkways.*

Kouyou musicians from Africa—"Music may be a universal language, but what a devilish lot of dialects!"

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can and Indian music have begun to modify our provincial aural preferences. The collection, editing, and annotation were done, in most cases, by real experts. Several of the albums are the lavish product of the Archive of Folk Lore in the Library of Congress (catalogue available on request) and the remainder mostly the issue of indefatigable Moe Asch, former owner of the Asch and Disc labels, now releasing an "ethnic series" labeled Folkways, at 117 W. 46th St., New York City.

TO BEGIN with, here are some albums of African and Afro-American music:

"Music of Equatorial Africa," four 10" unbrk., $7.33, Folkways, recorded by André Didier on a mission to French Equatorial Africa. This is the best album of African music I know, aside from the now unavailable Belgian Congo records. A wide range of instruments—the drum, the antelope horn, the zither, the xylophone, the musical bow, and the sansa (a sort of abbreviated piano)—and an even broader range of song styles remind one again that Africa may be the most musical continent, a land where all life activities are part of an unbroken stream of rhythmic activity. In a note describing the xylophone record M. Didier says, ". . . two teams work in relays from sunset to daybreak; not one moment does the music stop while the men and women dance in circles around the xylophones . . ."

"Not one moment does the music stop"—this phrase explains much of the uncanny ease and rightness of African phrasing, whether it occurs in a hot jazz band, in a Brazilian Caboclo ceremony, or in Babinga pigmy chorus (record three) where each singer produces only *one* note in the caracol-like melody. It is a prodigious amount of "practice" that produces the prodigies of polyrhythm, improvisation, and choral polish for which African music is notable. Absorption into the cultural patterns of this hemisphere added color to this music, but did not change its basic design—an impression clearly confirmed by the following albums.

"Afro-Bahian Religious Songs," five 12" vinylites, Library of Congress, $8.25, recorded by Melville and Francis Herskovits in Bahia, Brazil, the "Rome of the Africanos." These records and the fascinating ethnological essay accompanying them document the cult music of the Brazilian Negro of the North. The language is largely African; the melodies with their typically descending cadences are African; but, again, it is the precision of the choral responses, the dominance and virtuosity of the drummers that finally stamp the music.

Dr. Herskovits's Brazilian drummers do not strike me as quite so accomplished as those I recorded in Haiti. Of course, the brilliance of the folk music of this tiny island republic is altogether hard to explain. Perhaps it is a reflection of the revolutionary and independent spirit of the Haitian peasant, who feels comfortably superior to all "foreigners." A number of Haitian albums have been published, including the following:

"Voodoo," four 10" shellacs, General Records, recorded in New York and now out of print.

"Haiti Dances," two 10" shellacs, $2.89 (two singles also available at $1.05), Wax Record Co., New York. Mistakes in labeling and confusion in the explanatory notes detract little from the technical excellence and the musical interest of these records. The choral performances, taken in the neighborhood of Port-au-Prince, show city influence, but point the probable direction of Haitian folk music as it gains acceptance by the elite and is "refined."

"Folk Music of Haiti," four 10" unbrk., $7.33, Folkways, an early reissue of a valuable Disc album which exhibited much of the variety of Haitian music —mardi-gras drumming, mosquito drumming, and work songs, as well as vodun music. A product of Harold Courlander.

"Drums of Haiti," four 10" vinylites $7.33, Folkways, recorded and edited by Courlander, who is a novelist and one of the best and most active field recordists. It contains a wide range of drum rhythms, with especially brilliant examples of the social dances. On these records the drummers "break away" in superb style. Courlander's best album so far, "*Cult Music of Cuba,*" Disc, will also be reissued this year in improved pressings by Folkways. In Cuba, Courlander had to "bootleg" his recording sessions, for there the vodun cults are underground. This must have been an annoying problem for him, but we are the beneficiaries. There is not a careless or unimpassioned groove in the album.

"Trinidad Steel Band," two 10" shellacs, Disc, out of print, but worth a search if you want to hear where present-day sophisticated calypso came from. Contrary to the impression of the editor, the steel bands—composed of washtubs, tire rims, biscuit pans, and oil drums (each article chosen so that it is in tune with the others)—were the forerunners of the modern calypsonian orchestra. For the folk music of rural Trinidad we will have to wait until the Library of Congress issues some of the records Herskovits made on his expedition there.

"Bake the Johnny Cake," "Cé la Rage," one 12", Murray Music Co., New York, is the only record I know of Bahamian folk music. A sophisticated performance by a Cuban style orchestra, but none the less genuine Bahamian and a record that will frighten no one.

NEGRO folk music prepared all of us to some degree to accept African music. The story is quite different so far as Indian music is concerned. Since the days when the voyageurs and other frontiersmen lived (and doubtless sang) with the Indians, few Americans have had more than a tourist's acquaintance with Indian singing. The sentimentalized scores of Cadman, MacDowell, and other longhairs, the romantic tomfoolery of popular songs served only to increase our ignorance. Serious musicologists struggled with exotic scales and intervals they could not represent in conventional notation. Now, at last, we can soak in the strident and soaring singing of the first Americans—a style which, to my ear, is surprisingly consistent for all the regions which these records represent.

"Songs from the Iroquois Longhouse," five 12" shellacs, $8.25, Library of Congress, with a thirty-four-page illustrated booklet by the collector, William Fenton of the Smithsonian Institution. Burly Bill Fenton has spent so much time ethnologizing on the reservation of the Five Nations at Allegheny, New York, that the people ac-

(*Continued on page* 54)

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Some Enchanted "Pacific"

WITH or without intention, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd provided, in advance, a proper rebuke to the aspiring reviewer of the "South Pacific" score (Columbia album 850, $7.12; LP ML4180, $4.85) in a recurrent couplet of its most memorable song, "Some Enchanted Evening." It is the one that goes, "Fools give you reasons, wise men never try." Being by nature of the former proclivity, inclined to rush in even where angels of the Broadway variety fear to tread, I am impelled to provide some reasons why this version of their latest score is superior to any and all others.

The fundamental reason comes from the records themselves, not merely this one by the original cast—Mary Martin, Ezio Pinza, Juanita Hall, etc. —but all the others, of whatever company. Having listened, in an interim since seeing the show, to endless versions of "Some Enchanted Evening," "Wonderful Guy," "Happy Talk," "Bali Ha'i," "This Nearly Was Mine," and all the rest, it was something of a shock to re-live the original experience in the chosen voices, to observe the extent to which the ideas, purposes, and emotions of the creators are more properly embodied in these than in any other interpreters.

I trust that this discovery, and the proclamation of it, will not prove too distressing to composer and librettist; after all, they like to sell as many records as possible, regardless of origin. But I am a strong proponent of the viewpoint that unless you hear Miss Martin sing "Cockeyed Optimist" you haven't heard it at all; likewise for Pinza in "Some Enchanted Evening" (although any hearty baritone from Igor Gorin to Leonard Warren might do as well); and particularly Juanita Hall in "Happy Talk." "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair" sung by Fran Warren or Jo Stafford is a dubious bit of fluff, largely mannered and mostly insincere. Sung by Mary Martin and commented upon with ironic disbelief by the corps of nurses, it has character, dramatic point, and a good deal of zest.

At an opposite pole is "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy." Your average Alexander Graham Belle-voice is as corny as the field of Kansas grain wryly exposed by Hammerstein; but with Martin the corn is as high as an elephant's eye. She gets right to the kernel of the meaning. Likewise Miss Hall's heartfelt "Bali Ha'i," in contrast to the mere sentimentality of others, or her buoyantly naturalistic "Happy Talk," to my mind the most charming single thing in the score.

What is involved here, I think, is something even more accentuated than the partners achieved, concerning dramatic point and suitability, in "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel." Just as no other singers of "I Got Plenty of Nuttin'" and "Summertime" ever approached, for reality and style, the work of Todd Duncan and Anne Brown—not to mention the incomparable Bubbles in "It Ain't Necessarily So"—, so there are values in the matters cited above which can only be found in the work of those steeped in the manner prescribed by the authors. The old notion of musical comedy, in which a "hit" song could be sung by a soprano or a tenor, a crooner or a voiceless "personality," has been here replaced by a play-in-music, in which some identity of equipment with material is involved. Nobody else is going to manage the guttural inflection of Juanita Hall in "Happy Talk" for the simple reason that she *is* Bloody Mary; while nobody else can do justice to "Wonderful Guy" for the parallel reason that it is Ensign Forbush, in the person of Miss Martin, who is in love, in love, in love, in love, in love with the aforementioned W. G.

OF Pinza, it is possible—not to say necessary—to speak with more restraint. I suppose it was mere *amour propre* which made it necessary for him to prove, beyond contest, that he is the one of the cast with a legitimate voice. But what is thrilling and satisfying in the theatre is slightly bumptious on the record, where he delivers the clinging phrases of "Some Enchanted Evening" and "This Nearly Was Mine" (a superb melody, incidentally) in a manner more material to "Il Lacerato Spirito" from "Simon Boccanegra."

It is hardly necessary to add that none of this would be so sharp a reflection of the original experience were it not for the lusty brilliance of the Columbia recording, in which much of the original spirit and characterization of the life-size production is recreated. Much? Let us say more; for the resources of the microphone, its tricks and wiles, permit a multiplication of virtues not possible on the less flexible stage. This is especially true of the orchestra, which fulfils its role in a way that Russell Bennet, the predestined intermediary of the writers, could only have imagined or Salvatore Dell' Isola, the able conductor, hoped for.

In a year which has produced both "Kiss Me, Kate" and "South Pacific" —each with its tenacious adherents, both matters about which few are impartial—some comparisons or clarifications are, I suppose, in order. The difference, it seems to me, can be summed up in a phrase: the Porter score is as good as he has ever done—smart, topical, breezy—without shedding any new light on his talent (or, perhaps, too bright a one). "South Pacific," if not a headier brew or a deeper draught than "Oklahoma!" or "Carousel" (its likeliest comparisons), is full not only of present pleasure but of suggestions for the future of Hammerstein and Rodgers, of new resources to meet old problems, and—above all—an awareness of the new problems that must be met if the magic of the theatre is to be kept potent and alive. —THE EDITOR.

Mary Martin, Richard Rodgers, and Ezio Pinza listening to a playback—"a shock to re-live the original experience in the chosen voices."

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Reviews of the Month

Several works of ancient and honorable repute are recreated for the phonograph in current releases—notably Schubert's great "Octet" (from Vienna) and the B flat symphony of Chausson (from Minneapolis). Note, also, Mendelssohn's "Scotch" and "Italian" symphonies, the "Pathétique" (Toscanini's, also Tchaikovsky's) and the Schumann Fourth. Balancing are such relative novelties as Ravel's "Shéhérazade" and Debussy's "Printemps," Dvorak's "Golden Spinning Wheel" and the "Impromptu, No. 2" by Gabriel Fauré.

Non-Felix

MENDELSSOHN: *Symphony in A minor ("Scotch"). Artur Rodzinski conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor album 1285, $6.) *Symphony in A ("Italian"). George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra.* (Columbia album 733, $3.95; and ML4127, with MENDELSSOHN: *"Capriccio Brillant,"* $4.85.)

The process by which recording companies match conductors with compositions being somewhat less scientific than, say, the choice of a jockey by a stable owner for a stake horse, one can only pay these the tribute of the usual raised eyebrow and pass on to closer consideration of the results. These, I am broaching no confidence in remarking, are considerably less than ideal. I can find little identity of interpreter with composition, even less evidence that the outcome would have been much different had the assignments been reversed.

At that, they might; for Rodzinski has a measured exactness of statement which might have benefited the "Italian," Szell a definite perkiness and insistence of rhythm more Caledonian than Latin. Between them, I would say the less aggressive treatment of his work by Rodzinski is, in the end, more acceptable; for his offenses are those of omission. Szell, however, worries this amiable music so much that by the end of the first movement one fears it may have a nervous breakdown—which actually comes in the allegretto. I have noted, on some other occasions, a simulation by Szell of the Toscanini drive and tenacity; it is more out of place here than usual.

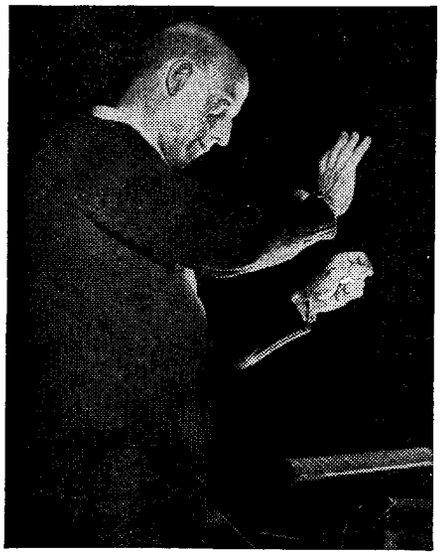
The recordings are of somewhat similar character, tending to clarity in the high strings and not much support in the bass. However, the Chicago playing is more resonant than the Cleveland, of which I have heard the LP only. Of the "Italian," I recall the recent Koussevitzky with more pleasure; Rodzinski's "Scotch" is at least as good as Iturbi's (the old Weingartner remains the criterion) and better reproduced.

The Choice of the Chaussons

CHAUSSON: *Symphony in B flat, Opus 20. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the Minneapolis Orchestra.* (Columbia album 825, $4.95.)

Among the unpredictable conductors, Mitropoulos holds a rank uniquely his own; for there is the question not only of how he will conduct a given piece of music but also how it will sound, with the Minneapolis and Robin Hood Dell Orchestras he has conducted for Columbia, the Minneapolis for RCA. This Columbia is automatically two years old at least, for a year of Petrillo ban was preceded by a change of contract many months back.

The shallowness and lack of resonance are characteristic of what Northrup Auditorium on the campus of the University of Minnesota has yielded in the past; not so the insistent, tempered, full-hearted treatment of Chausson's score. I find it something less than the masterpiece others do—it has too many pieces of other masters (Franck and Wagner, particularly) for that—but it is a work whose aliveness and energy are given a full measure of cooperation by Mitropoulos. Columbia could no doubt have done better with another orchestra in another hall than it did with this one, but the results are nevertheless more satisfying than either of the previous versions by Stock and Coppola.



Dimitri Mitropoulos — "a full measure of cooperation."

The Joyous Smetana

SMETANA: *"The Bartered Bride" (Overture, Polka, and Dance of the Comedians). Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* (RCA Victor set 1294, $2.50.)

It is a welcome note of sophistication in RCA's birthday *devoir* to Sir Thomas Beecham that the mass release of half a dozen albums has not been confined merely to the edifying, the informative, and the esoteric—that a measure of mere pleasure has been permitted to those who have not previously been permitted an inkling of the results forthcoming from the incidence of Beecham with Smetana. I have been enjoying the "Polka" and "Dance of the Comedians" in these riotously energetic performances for more than a year, by the act of purchasing the imported disc from a local shop. That the reader can now have both, for the price I paid for one, is the best news of the phonographic month.

Even as those performances were the best known to me of these excerpts (including those in the complete "Prodaná Nevêsta" from Prague) so the Overture is the playing par excellence of this wonderfully spirited and freshly inspired piece. I don't say that Beecham is the best conductor who ever addressed himself to this work on records—there have been many others of high talents—but he is the first, to date, given the task *and* the technical means to realize its color, its verve, and its richness of orchestral detail. It is all there, in brilliant precision and strength.

Schubert's "Octet" Reborn

SCHUBERT: *Octet in F, Opus 106 W. Boskovsky and P. Matheis, violins; G. Breitenbach, viola, N. Hübner, cello, A. Boskovsky, clarinet, J. Veleba, horn, R. Hanzl, bassoon, and J. Krump, contrabass.* (English Decca album 104, $13.)

I suppose it is sheer ignorance for me to be unaware of any past accomplishments of the Messrs. Boskovsky or Veleba or Hanzl or Krump; but the fact is that I rather like the idea of this superb version of Schubert's glorious octet coming to us from

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a group of musicians known, if at all, only to their fellow Viennese. (Only Veleba, the hornist, is a member of the Vienna Philharmonic.) For it proves unmistakably that the air of Vienna is alive again with the kind of musicians which has always flourished there, and that the secrets of magnificent ensemble playing are, once again, safe in their keeping.

Considering that there have been, in the durable history of the phonograph, just two representative versions of the octet—one with the Lener Quartet as base, the other with the Schneiderhahn—it is a remarkable piece of boldness, as also of generosity, for the Decca people to take this initiative. They have been rewarded, in the first instance, by a performance of the highest quality: subtle, comprehending, and always musicianly. I have no doubt that the secondary rewards will follow as the word of this wonderwork spreads, and the faithful assemble their dollars for the purchase. Any added remarks would only deal with the irresistible qualities of the recording, of the meaty horn and the reedy clarinet.

But Is It Tchaikovsky?

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 6 ("Pathétique"). Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor album V 27, $11; 45 rpm set, WDM 1281, $5.25.)

Are you suffering from excesses of the Tchaikovsky? Do you see spots before your eyes every time the "Pathétique" is mentioned? Perhaps what you require is a strong dose of *Elixir d'Arturo* as a musical substitute for sulphur and molasses, a change of oil, or other common restoratives. I can guarantee that the immediate results will be gratifying; but I doubt that the cure will be permanent.

For after a pair of listenings to this performance—the first without score (for size, so to speak), the second with a correlation of what is heard with what is written—I am full of admiration, wonder even, for the pains Toscanini has taken to make the men of the orchestra play what is precisely on the paper before them and thoroughly skeptical of the results. It is art true enough, but is it Tchaikovsky?

It seems to me the example *in excelsis* of the application of the Toscanini method where it is less than a solution of the problem involved. Even the obviously impossible feat of making a string section swell from *pppp* to *pp* and back down to *pppp* (an aberration in which Tchaikovsky indulges repeatedly in this score) is not beyond Toscanini's endeavor. Perhaps he even accomplishes it; but while that extreme unction is being applied, I find that the music has expired. There are beautiful spots without number in the playing—the trio of the second movement, for example, the whole of the march movement (crisply, unbombastically), some of the more Wagnerian passages of the finale. But in substituting his own kind of personality for that of other conductors (and make no mistake, there is a Toscanini personality as emphatically as there is a Stokowski or a Mengelberg), he has given us much less than the whole effect of Tchaikovsky, even as those do who push his phrases all out of shape. Of all the playings, phonographic and otherwise, I have heard, I still prefer—as the most expressive and deeply felt—Furtwängler's, which RCA continues to deny us. For if there is one thing obvious above everything else in this playing, it is that Toscanini *sees* the music, but does not *feel* it at all.

As for the recording itself it has some riches that are not to be belittled (snarling brass, salty woodwinds, steely cymbals), but also a string tone that sounds as if all the instruments had been covered with woolly bags for protection—and the bags left on for the performance. In other words, 8H unresonance, reproduced with unbearable exactness. I could say a few words about the annoyance of the breaks in this work (after listening to another symphony on LP's the half hour before), the havoc it makes of Toscanini's acute pattern of dynamics, or the need to get up and turn a whole pile of records midway in the trio of the 5/4 waltz. But I will forbear.

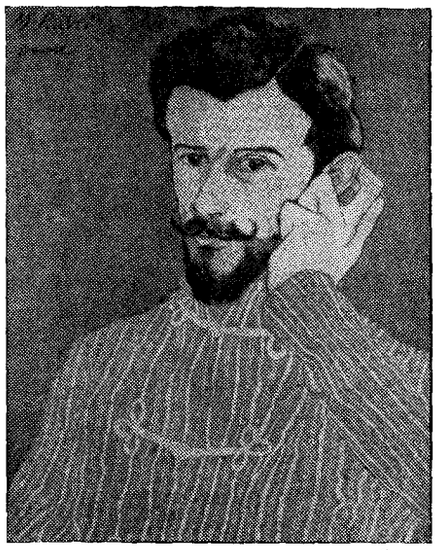
—IRVING KOLODIN.

Ravel, Early and Late

RAVEL: *"Shéhérazade." Susanne Danco, soprano, with l'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, Ernest Ansermet conducting.* (English Decca album 100, $5.24.)

RAVEL: *"Don Quichotte à Dulcinée"; and* DEBUSSY: *"Trois Ballades de François Villon." Martial Singher, baritone, with the CBS Orchestra, Maurice Abravanel conducting.* (Columbia album 820, $3.40.)

A musical career is bounded by the two Ravel song cycles. "Shéhérazade" dates from 1903, when the composer was trying, unsuccessfully it turned out, for the Prix de Rome. "Don Quichotte" (1932) was Ravel's last composition. Shortly afterwards, he was afflicted with that illness which—five years later—proved mortal. The earlier work scintillates with orchestral virtuosity and cultivates an exoticism which is the more effective for being so patently artificial. "Asie,"



—*Ouvré.*

Maurice Ravel—"an exoticism which is the more effective for being so patently artificial."

the first of its three songs, is the most remarkable, for this long narrative poem would seem singularly inappropriate for musical setting. But Ravel succeeds in imparting a cogent unity to the song, while at the same time exploiting to the full its kaleidoscopic changes of scene and mood. "La Flûte Enchantée" and "L'Indifférent," which follow, are shorter, less ambitious songs, each giving expression to a fleeting moment of time—the precise musical counterpart, in fact, of the *coup d'oeil* of impressionist painting. Susanne Danco's warm, sensuous voice is well suited to the texture of the music, and she negotiates its difficult leaps with seeming ease. Ansermet provides the knowing accompaniment one expects from this conductor, and the ffrr recording has its accustomed luminosity. This interpretation is preferable to that of Janine Micheau recorded in France during the war or to that of Maggie Teyte recently released in England.

"Don Quichotte" is a less expansive and less immediately appealing work—terse, almost elliptical, in expression and dry in tonal garb. As in much of this composer's writing, "Don Quichotte" reflects the influence of Spain, both in its intervals and rhythms. Singher gave the world premiere of these songs in 1934 and is named dedicatee of the second, "Chanson Epique." He sings intelligently but without much charm or temperamental affinity. Moreover, the orchestral accompaniments (which are too far in the background) leave something to be desired. Were RCA Victor to issue the Bernac-Poulenc recordings of "Don Quichotte" and the Debussy "Ballades de Villon" in this country, they would score an interpretive bull's-eye.

—ROLAND GELATT.

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 57 for Pop Releases

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Chaconne" (arranged by Busoni). Egon Petri, piano. Columbia album X313, $2.55.	As one of the few pianists equally conversant with Bach and Busoni, Petri is singularly able to make music as well as pianistic display of this much-abused work. I therefore suspend my usual bias against it, and commend Petri for an educational as well as an interesting experience. The recording is substantial in sound, but without tonal brilliance.
Debussy: "Printemps." Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor set 1293, $2.50.	A lesser work of Debussy, performed with fastidious care by Beecham and his remarkable orchestra. A dazzling example of much in little, and that little largely the work of the conductor. Deft, admirably clear reproduction.
Debussy: "Petite Suite." Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire. English Decca album 98, $5.25.	Some may regard this as no more substantial Debussy than the work above, but it differs to the extent of being the apotheosis of the moods and images involved: such as "En Bateau," "Cortège," "Menuet," etc. Certainly the work has never been played for the phonograph so well before, nor reproduced with such graces of color and timbre.
Dvorak: "Golden Spinning Wheel." Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1291, $4.85.	Not the most original Dvorak, but a score whose warm feeling and folk poetry should certainly have been familiar to us before. (There is no previous recording and I have never heard it in concert.) Even without comparative standards it is apparent the work is superbly played. Full-range recording.
Fauré: "Impromptu, No. 2." Alexander Brailowsky, piano. RCA Victor 12-0794, $1.25.	I would expect Brailowsky to make more of Ravel's "Jeux d'eau" than he does of the Fauré, but the values are reversed. He plays the Fauré rather fancifully, the Ravel somewhat mechanically. Both are better reproduced than any previous versions.
Goldmark: "Queen of Sheba" Ballet Music. Fiedler conducting the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. RCA Victor 12-0796, $1.25.	"Fragrant" is as good a word as any other to describe these ingenuous melodies and the colorful instrumentation of them. I would not automatically associate them with Sheba, with or without queen, though a cello solo halfway through reminds us of Goldmark's fondness for that instrument.
Grieg: "Peer Gynt" excerpts, "Norwegian Dances," etc. Morton Gould conducting the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra. Columbia album 824, $4.95.	Nothing startling about this repertory (Gould arrangements of "To Spring," "Ich liebe dich," and "Wedding Day at Troldhaugen," as well as the other items noted), but the recording is one of Columbia's best: rich in tone, full of unexpected clarities in both highs and lows. For that matter, Gould discharges his task with much taste, excellent control of the orchestra.
Liszt: "Orpheus." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor set 1265, $2.50.	More of the jubilee Beecham, here laboring with love rather than profit. The best of this is contained in "Les Préludes," where it arrived by way of Berlioz.
Mozart: "Batti, batti" ("Don Giovanni"). Licia Albanese, soprano. RCA Victor 12-0658, $1.25.	It is apparently a current conceit of Mme. Albanese that she is an adept Mozartian, for it is only last month that we had a "Figaro" record from her. Her style is more appropriate to "Io son l'umili ancella" from Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur" on the reverse side. D. Marzollo is the conductor for both.
Mozart: Sonata in C, K.296. Jascha Heifetz, violin, and Emanuel Bay, piano. RCA Victor set 1290, $2.50.	Though numbered "8" in this issue, the work is the same as the No. 24 previously recorded by Milstein and Balsam, Schneider and Kirkpatrick, as well as Goldberg and Kraus. Heifetz's agile treatment has its merits, but it is all within a narrow range of dynamics, and the piano, in particular, is held down. On the final side he plays the famous Minuet (from the D major Divertimento) in "encore" style.
Mozart: Concerto for Flute and Harp, K.299. René Le Roy, flute, Lily Laskine, harp, with Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1292, $4.75.	Laskine has had a previous opportunity with this work (with Moyse rather than Le Roy), but not in such a setting as provided by Beecham. If the praise for his accomplishments is fairly monotonous this month, there are few who would not trade more of the same for albums of this quality. Note especially the reproduction of the flute.
Prokofieff: "Classical" Symphony. Charles Munch conducting L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire. English Decca album EDA 107, $5.25.	Probably the best of all recordings of this work: if it has not quite the brittle gleam of the Koussevitzky, it has a more pointed wit, a wider pattern of contrasts. All four sides are used for the symphony, in distinction to some versions which offer an additional work on the last side. Beautiful sound, especially of the strings here.
Rimsky-Korsakov: "Scheherezade." Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire. English Decca album 106, $13.	Dipscomaniacs (a category of humans who suffer the compulsions of dipsomania with the afflictions of discomania) will want these discs for the potence and fulness of the orchestra's sound; but I do not find Ansermet's conception of the work in the tradition I relish. It is reserved, almost reticent, and to that extent pallid. Moreover, thirteen dollars is much for "Scheherezade," of whatever grandeur.
Schumann: Symphony No. 4 (D minor). George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia album 821, $3.95; and ML 2040, $3.85.	Here is a new standard for this work: energetic without being rash, sober without being stodgy. It has a degree of piquancy lacking in Goossen's otherwise excellent performance, and is certainly as well recorded. A machine which can build up the bass a bit would show it to be even superior.
Strauss: "Don Juan." Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony. RCA Victor set 1289, $2.50.	Prodigious orchestral work is the great asset of this recording, on the order of the "Till Eulenspiegel" of verdant memory. However, I do not find it nearly the driving, impassioned thing it has been made to sound by other conductors. The Don appears to tire of his pursuits sooner than Lenau (or Strauss) intended. Forceful, sometimes sharply so, recording. —Irving Kolodin.

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Report on LP: How They Sound—III

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto for Violin in D, Opus 61. Joseph Szigeti; Bruno Walter conducting the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 697, $5.95. LP on Columbia ML 4012, $4.85. Duration 40m 30s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 14.81; LP, 11.98.)

Judged tonally, LP is more satisfactory than 78. A wraith mocks Szigeti's upper strings in both, but less insistently on LP which also is more solid in the orchestra. However, the extremely wide vibration impressed by the heavy orchestral mass in the loudest moments of the first movement repeatedly bounced the stylus from the narrow grooves. Microscopic examination of the disc indicates a likelihood that this disability will be manifest on other pressings as well.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 1 in C, Opus 21. Bruno Walter conducting the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 796, $4.95. LP on Columbia ML 2027, $3.85. Duration 22m 5s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 22.64; LP, 16.98.)

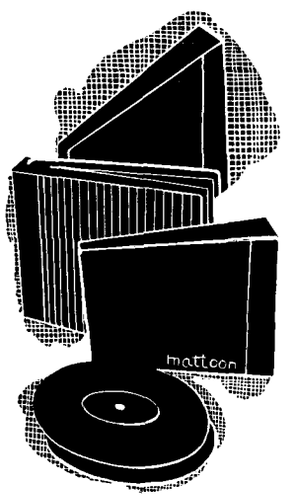
On a responsive apparatus LP shows a slight superiority of clarification throughout, more than slight in the reproduction of woodwinds. Furthermore, the 78 is an unusually obnoxious example of the deathless practice of stretching, by which a work not quite long enough for six sides is recorded on eight. Here the first movement, six and three-quarter minutes, is stretched double to *three* sides, side two being nearly naked with one and one-third minutes of musical fabric. If Columbia is trying to banish short-playing records by making her own derisory, the method is not likely to win the plaudits of buyers.

BEETHOVEN: *Trio No. 4 in D ("Geister"), Opus 70, No. 1. Busch-Serkin Trio; Fantasy in G Minor, Opus 77; and Sonata No. 24 in F Sharp, Opus 78. Rudolf Serkin.* (78 rpm—Trio only—in Columbia album 804, $3.95. LP of all on Columbia ML 4128, $4.85. Duration of all, 39m 11s. Cpm of LP, 12.37.)

A pretty demonstration of the LP potential. 78 is a recording of good average quality and LP is a deftly demure improvement. A little more bite to the cello, some additional decision to the piano, more vibrancy to the violin—the small individual gifts on LP are impressive in the whole, and 78 is distanced. The comparison is of the Trio only, for 78's of the Fantasy and Sonata were lacking; but Columbia has seldom if ever issued piano recordings on 78 as excellent as the LP of these.

BIZET: *"Carmen" excerpts. Nadine Connor, Risë Stevens, Raoul Jobin, and Robert Weede; Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orchestra conducted by George Sebastian.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 607, $5.95. LP on Columbia ML 4013, $4.85. Duration 40m 11s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 14.93; LP, 12.07.)

Competition is so close that the LP advantage is not easily detectable and need not be emphasized. Possessors of the best reproducers will note crisper enunciation and brightened timbre as the LP features.



BRAHMS: *Concerto for Piano No. 1 in D Minor, Opus 15. Rudolf Serkin; Fritz Reiner conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 652, $6.95. LP on Columbia ML 4100, $4.85. Duration 42m 48s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 16.36; LP, 11.19.)

The LP is notable for its more incisive etching of the bass, in piano and orchestra, which illumines and unites the tone everywhere and underlines a patent superiority to the 78. The LP violins are a little shrill if not subdued by a suitably corrective circuit.

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 4 in G. Bruno Walter conducting the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 584, $6.95. LP on Columbia ML 4100, $4.85. Duration 49m 20s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 14.19; LP, 9.83.)

78 is richer and rougher, the horns providing their customary difficulty. LP, with a markedly diminished volume level, is less seizing but gains in smoothness. The choice is left to individual tastes, but a convincing factor might be the remarkable dollar-value of the LP, more compact with music than any disc hitherto examined.

SIBELIUS: *Symphony No. 7 in G, Opus 105. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 524, $3.95. LP on Columbia ML 4086, $4.85. The conjoined secondary works are not considered lest they obfuscate the basic comparison.)

78 is celebrated as one of the saddest of a decade's recordings. Without a score it is not easy to be certain what instruments are making what noises. LP is a salutary prescription, filtering the mud from the bass, soothing the bronchitis of the horns, restoring color to the wood and identity to the anonymous inmates of the 78 Bedlam. Since 78 is wretched and LP good standard, collectors skeptical of the possibilities of microgroove recording can profit by making this comparison themselves.

STRAVINSKY: *"The Fire Bird." Igor Stravinsky conducting the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 653, $4.95. LP on Columbia ML 4046, $4.85. Duration of 78 with Stravinsky's "Fireworks" on Side 8, 29m; of LP, 25m 15s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 17.24; LP, 19.21.)

When excerpts of the LP are faded in and out of the same excerpts synchronized on 78 the superiority of the former is apparent, and not easily otherwise. The margin of difference is too small for memory to retain for more than a few seconds. The outline of LP is firmer and the detail is sharper, but not much.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto for Violin in D, Opus 35. Nathan Milstein; Frederick Stock conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 413, $4.95. LP on Columbia ML 4053, $4.85. Duration 29m 15s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 17.09; LP, 16.58.)

Assume 78 to be Scylla and let LP be Charybdis. The recording made about 1939 muffles the orchestra in the background of the prominent solo violin. Individual instruments in both versions are amorphous in the blurred crowd, but on 78 the band seems to have a little more substance and the violin a riper song. Choose Scylla or pass between. —C. G. BURKE.

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On Second Hearing

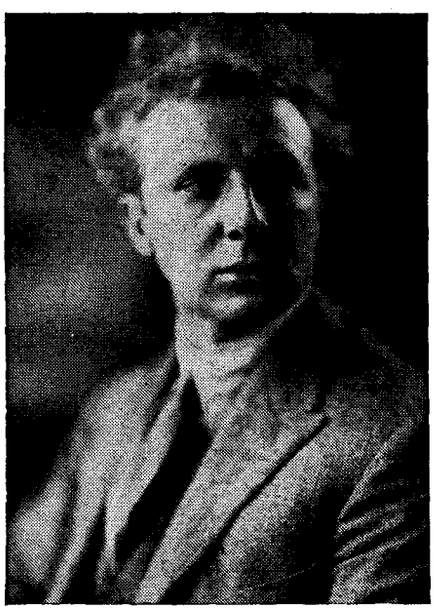
The Voices of "Gurrelieder"

SCHÖNBERG: *"Gurrelieder." Leopold Stokowski conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Paul Althouse, tenor, Rose Bampton, contralto, Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, and Benjamin de Loache, narrator.* (RCA Victor album 127, $18.75.)

The legions (so it would appear from the correspondence on the subject) who have been clamoring for Schönberg's "Gurrelieder" have achieved their object all sublime; and they had better report, cash in hand, to the nearest record shop, and in substantial numbers, or I shall suffer the unwanted Gilbertian pendant of that phrase ("let the punishment fit the crime"). In other words, now is the time for all good men, etc.

This largest venture in a reissue yet undertaken by RCA was not made without some trepidation: having to do, in the first place, with the fact that this recording was made at an actual performance with the consequence that the usual quality controls were somewhat relaxed; there was, in addition, more than a little foreboding about the quality of the masters, and how they might stand up fifteen years later. I have now been through the set three times, and I can say that none of these objections (including one about the abrupt separations between records) are consequential compared with the veritable fact that it is possible to hear this music again, in all its plenitude, expressiveness, and vitality. It is clearer than ever how long a shadow Wagner cast over the youthful Schönberg, and also how that influence here was largely the influence of "Parsifal," an anything but commonplace reaction to the phenomenon of that titanic genius.

What, then, will one hear from these records? One will hear a moderately youthful Stokowski introducing the music, verbally and with a current (1932) accent of the indefinable sort, a rather strained Paul Althouse, a beautiful voice belonging to Miss Bampton in her contralto period, and an oratorio-style soprano from Miss Vreeland. Some of the orchestral instruments (especially the brass) have that in-a-funnel sound characteristic of even the best recording of the early Thirties; but in the *tuttis*, especially where the large choruses are heard, there is a remarkable likeness to the original sound, granted an instrument that can make some compensations for the constricted range favored by RCA Victor at the time of the recording. More than anything else, those who have never experienced the talent of Stokowski in an actual performance at its vibrant best may savor it here, even as the absorbed, almost coughless audience did, and does. For that audience is still sitting there, in the background, as much a part of the performance as the conductor, the singers, or the players.



—*Kubey-Rembrandt Studios.*

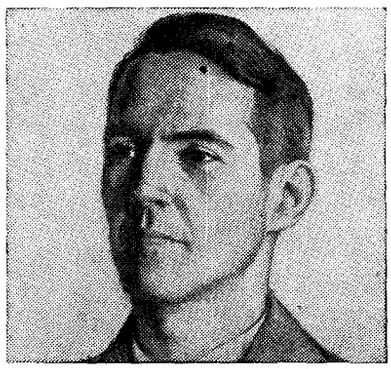
"The talent of Stokowski in an actual performance at its vibrant best."

No Franz Like Old Franz

LEHAR: *Excerpts from "Merry Widow," "Count of Luxembourg," and "Paganini." Peter Anders, tenor, Ann Gura, soprano, M. Wulf, tenor, Elisabeth Schwartzkopf, soprano, etc., with orchestra conducted by H. Schmidt-Isserstedt and H. Otto.* (Capitol-Telefunken album ECL 2501, $5.)

I listen to these records with enormous pleasure, notwithstanding the fact—or possibly with the added fillip—that they may have been favorites of the late unlamented Herr Schickelgruber, sometimes known as Adolf Hitler. Franz Lehar, so the legend goes, was his favorite composer—one of the best things I ever heard about der Führer—and these records were of a period when such matters must, automatically, have come to the attention of the head man. I can only report that they are magnificently performed, conducted with the care due to Beethoven's "Choral," and recorded with a finesse that rears its anything but ugly head on any kind of a suitable machine.

So far as Anders is concerned, I have been an admirer of his for years—whether known under that name or the equally suitable one of Richard Tauber or Marcel Wittrisch—and he has rarely been better than he was in this set of "ausgezeichnet (German



—*Polly Thayer.*

My Favorite Records

Jacques Barzun, who can hold his own on the subject of the nineteenth century with any of his contemporaries, confesses that he has drawn up his roster of favorite records "with some diffidence." "For the last couple of years all my leisure time has gone into the writing of my big Berlioz book, and I have not had much time either to listen to records or to keep an eye out for new ones in the way that I used to do." Discographers who may query Barzun's listing of the "Iphigenie" Overture will be interested to know that it is "an 'author's proof' given to me with several others by my good friend Erich Kleiber."

BACH: *Suite No. 2. Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony.*
BEETHOVEN: *Quartet, Opus 95. Budapest Quartet.*
BEETHOVEN: *"Abscheulicher" aria ("Fidelio"). Frida Leider.*
BERG: *"Suite Lyrique." Galimir Quartet.*
BERLIOZ: *Requiem. Emile Passani Choir.*
BERLIOZ: *"L'Absence" and "Le Spectre de la Rose." Teyte.*
GLUCK: *Overture, "Iphigénie en Aulide." Erich Kleiber conducting the Vienna Philharmonic.*
MOZART: *Piano Concerto in A, K.488. Artur Rubinstein.*
PURCELL: *"Trumpet Voluntary." Harty conducting the Hallé Orchestra.*
STRAUSS: *"Till Eulenspiegel." Richard Strauss conducting the Berlin State Opera Orchestra.*
VARÈSE: *"Ionisation." Slonimsky leading a percussion ensemble.*
WEBER: *Overture, "Oberon." Schuricht conducting the Berlin Philharmonic.*

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for "terrific") excerpts from three of the most melodious and ear-soothing scores since "Fledermaus." Lest I be accused of harboring the enormous secret that Anders, Wittrisch, and Tauber were one man, I note that they were similar only in spirit, not flesh.

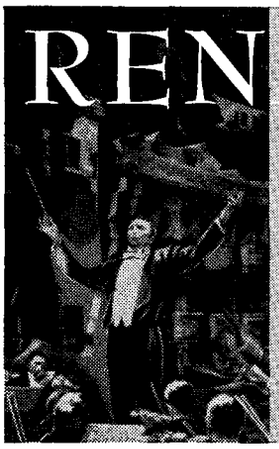
If anyone wants an intellectual reason for investigating these discs—something like a medicinal excuse for imbibing an Old Fashioned—I can provide that, too. In the "Paganini" excerpts, you may hear a charming young soprano named Elisabeth Schwartzkopf, exercising in these pleasurable phrases the lovely voice that was to become even more lovely for our pleasure in postwar Mozart, Bach, and Brahms (including the "Requiem" of the last named). If you don't mind a bit of surface sound—or want to cut off some, probably non-existent, highs—you can provide a slightly extra quantity of volume to make these records sound the equivalent of anything being done now, though they are a decade old, at least. Could Columbia or RCA do as well today (or day after, for that matter), they would be justified in declaring a half-holiday.

Essay in Style

BERLIOZ: *"Roman Carnival" Overture. Willem Mengelberg conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam.* (Capitol-Telefunken 81002, $1.25.)

Anyone puzzled by the components of musical style is invited to this simple course in same. All that is required are this disc, a score of the work, a responsive machine, and a receptive ear. By suitable application to all in proper proportions, the listener should arrive, without much difficulty, at an appreciation of the elements that comprise style in the performance of music.

They are, I would say, a sense of musical rhetoric (in the same way that reading a line of Shakespeare or Shaw entails an appreciation of subject, predicate, and object); a feeling for pace, in terms of the excitement or repose of the music; for rhythm, in its application to the character of the notes involved. All these Mengelberg had in masterful degree when this disc was made, plus the usual indefinables: orchestral color, contrast, and emphasis. It makes such a disc as Koussevitzky's recent one (RCA Victor 11-9008) sound the work of an apprentice, and a not very promising one. Moreover, on a machine of proper resources, it blazes with amazing hues of orchestral brilliance. A particular prize among the items thus far processed by Capitol from Telefunken masters. —I. K.



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Conducted by Eugen Jochum
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The Basic Library— Bach: Instrumental Works

BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS

Complete Sets

THOUGH the confirmed phonofan might think, automatically, of only one contemporary treatment of these incomparable works which would be entitled to the term "complete"—that, of course, by Adolf Busch and his Chamber Music Players—, the fact is there are three. One has actually been sponsored as such by Vox in the performances of Otto Klemperer and the Pro Musica Orchestra. The other, by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony, has accumulated over a span of months, and still lacks the first of the series. (It had been made, actually, and rejected; another version will eventually appear.)

Dates and recording techniques notwithstanding, the superlative performances by Busch and his ensemble remain the preferable way of hearing this music. Theirs is an ensemble in more than a mechanical sense, the uniformity of treatment a spiritual as well as a musical thing. I value the energy and strength that Klemperer gives to several of these works—particularly the G major, No. 3, in which a larger group of strings than the one utilized by Busch might be desired by some (myself included)—but he is also inclined to some interpretative gestures which are hardly relevant. The reproduced sound is inferior to Columbia's, and the use of vinyl discs, the issuance of each in a separate album, makes the price ridiculously inappropriate, since three of the Vox albums cost virtually as much as the entire collection on Columbia.

It was perhaps time for RCA to replace its aged yet still admirable Cortot versions, but the choice of Koussevitzky and his orchestra seems more a tribute to protocol than to musical wisdom. I do not relish, for example, the kind of tampering that supplies a slow movement (in Concerto No. 3) where Bach decided none was necessary, or the four-square beat for No. 6, which is rigid where one would prefer, merely, firmness. The use of the Theatre-Concert Hall in Tanglewood and a chamber-size ensemble results in a kind of sound harsher, to my ears, than the more suitably controlled quality in the Busch records. Here, again, the use of separate albums—and a charge for each—plus odd-side fillers, makes the cost of the complete Busch set an economy rather than an extravagance. It might be said that this is an argument in favor of "preselection" of music—the merchandizing term that covers the practice of including more than one work in an album—or series of records—but where a homogeneous entity is concerned (these works, or the Handel "Concerti Grossi," or Vivaldi's "The Seasons") there is every likelihood that the purchaser will eventually want all of the works, in any case; and thus the economic values coincide with the esthetic.

Separate Concertos

No. 2 in F. The fine art of George Eskdale, which distinguishes the playing of the second concerto in the Busch version, has even greater brilliance and vitality in this new issue from English Decca, with Boyd Neel conducting. Such other soloists as Frederick Grinke (violin), Arthur Cleghorn (flute), and Evelyn Rothwell (oboe) also lend luster to an excellent performance (EDA album 2). For the historically minded, there is the Stokowski of 1929, still available in combination with the famous first version of the "Passacaglia" (RCA Victor album 59). Musically it may be described as well-paced and carefully phrased, but the balance of *concertante* instruments is not good.

No. 3 in G. A choice value in energetic musicianly work is offered on a single English Decca disc by Boyd Neel and his orchestra. The pace is a bit brisk, perhaps, but not inappropriately so, and it is all embellished by the rounded fulness of ffrr sound (EDA K 1619).

No. 4 in G. For those whose interest in this music bears specially on the solo instruments of this score, mention may be made of the excellent ones in the Koussevitzky performance (RCA Victor album 1050, which includes, also Concerto No. 3, with the *sinfonia* from "Christ Lag in Todesbanden" as "slow movement"). They are Richard Burgin (violin), George Laurent, and George Madden (flutes), and they are exceptionally good.

No. 5 in D. A lone survivor of the Cortot series, this is still carried in the RCA Victor catalogue as records 7863/4 (unless somebody has expunged them since the last numerical listing was published). This is doubtless a tribute to Jacques Thibaud, who plays the solo violin part with fine artistry. The gesture is deserved, for Thibaud's Bach is one of his notable enthusiasms. Allowance should be made for the age of this issue, which first graced a domestic catalogue in 1934.

No. 6 in F. Further quality work from Boyd Neel, with the distinctive colors of violas, viola da gamba, cellos, and basses noted and clarified by the excellent reproduction (EDA 1580/1).

IMPORTS

As the listing above indicates, several of these works are products of European sources—the Busch and Boyd Neel from England, the Cortot from France—leaving little that is good unaccounted for. The prewar German issues—including a complete treatment of the series by Melichar with the Berlin Philharmonic—are in a suspended status; unavailable at present, but possibly due to be "liberated" at some not-too-distant time.

KUNST DER FUGE

Lacking an orchestral version based on the acute transcription of Paul Graeser, there is occasion for gratitude that two domestic versions of the quality of E. Power Biggs's for organ and the Roth Quartet's for strings exist. Neither of these appeals to me as much as concert performances I have heard with more varied complements of instruments; which may be a corollary of the fact that the work as a whole stimulates me only moderately.

Those who dote on authenticity will find the Biggs discs (RCA Victor albums 832 and 833) a straightforward statement, marred by little special pleading. Though the playing of the Roths was recorded some years previously, I find the relative diversity of color therein contained a more accessible avenue to Bach's rather cloistered thought. They leave the final fugue incomplete, as it is in Bach's text (Columbia album 206).

(This series will continue next month with the solo concertos and the suites for orchestra.) —THE EDITOR.

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HITS AND MISSES

A GREAT new syncopated star has risen from the Midwest. He is the young Missourian pianist Ralph Sutton now at Eddie Condon's night club in New York, and his particular gift to the contemporary scene is a most powerful, assured recreation of both the letter and spirit of piano ragtime. All this may be gleaned from an album of Sutton solos, "St. Louis Piano" (Circle S-20, $2.88), and from another in which he is joined by the clarinetist Tony Parenti and the drummer George Wettling, "Tony Parenti's Ragpickers" (Circle S-21, $3.93).

Ragtime, of course, was the first widely popular offshoot of Afro-American folk music and originally got up steam in the improvisations and compositions of certain Negro keyboard professors, such as Scott Joplin, who practised their agitating art around the turn of the century. The early piano rags were works of considerable intricacy and great momentum; their performance required first-class technique and a complete immersion in the spirit of Afro-American syncopation. They contributed heavily to the stylistic development of such famous jazz pianists as James P. Johnson and the late Fats Waller. The latter is said to have been Ralph Sutton's idol.

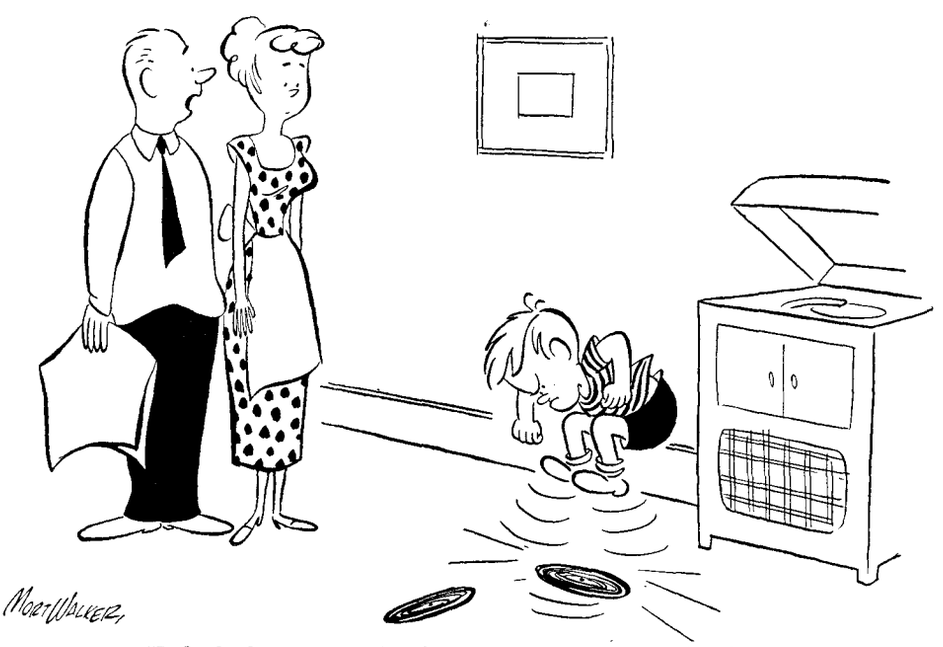
The chief difference between them is that Sutton sticks very closely to the incisive, rugged idiom of ragtime (with the frequent incorporation of boogie-woogie power in the bass), while Waller had a marked gift for delicate, crystalline embellishment. Sutton will knock the hat off anyone who grew up loving the sound of ragtime in his ears. There is nothing self-consciously antiquarian about his work. He is all ragtime. That is where he lives. His performance of such vintage numbers as "Whitewash Man" and "Dill Pickles" are a huge treat, and so are his six sides with the Parenti trio. It remains to be said that all this music reminds one irresistibly of how the world has been desolated since the innocent years of ragtime's inception, for this is surely some of the happiest, the most buoyant music man has ever made. If Ralph Sutton and his associates are able to project that emotion so contagiously today we must, I suppose, remind ourselves that fine music has always been made in private areas of the spirit rather than, as some civic-minded composers seem to think, in the forum on current events.

Duke Ellington offers this month a revival of Nacio Herb Brown's "Singin' in the Rain" (Columbia 38464, 63¢), which includes a wretchedly forced trumpet excursion but also two warmly casual saxophone solos and a fine, subtle trombone passage by, I imagine, Lawrence Brown. Pee Wee Hunt's highly agreeable little Dixieland band has done two of the staples, "Bessie Couldn't Help It" and "Clarinet Marmalade" (Capitol 57-569, 79¢).

The department of utter silliness has been crowded recently, our own favorite entry being the worthy tribute of Johnny Martin and his orchestra to "Annabella" (Capitol 57-54300, 79¢), a girl who inherited not only her father's charm and his ready cash but also, one is obliged to add, his big moustache. Furthermore, Billy Moreno and his musicians have performed an inestimable service to this department by producing, on the two sides of one record, a polka to end all polkas and a hillbilly song to terminate that genre. The lyricide is quite deliberate, as will be gathered from the title of the hillbilly item, "Drop Daid, Little Darlin', Drop Daid" (RCA Victor, 20-3435, 79¢), but the reverse title, "Open the Door Polka," may require more elucidation. It receives it, on the record itself, in a way we found amusing, not to say winningly indecent, and which we would not dream of attempting to put into words.

Here, in the interest of broad esthetic tolerance, we should say that we fully realize that musical history has produced superb polkas, from Anton Dvorak and Bedrich Smetana among others, and that the mountain regions of the United States have given off a good deal of magical singing. But among the many current forms of mass-produced music we find the production-line polka and hillbilly song at least as repugnant as the mechanical Hollywood or Tin Pan Alley ballad and we regularly, monthly, ignore scads of them. We also announce a general coolness toward modern vocal efforts based on such syllables as "biddle-ee-op-bop-re-bop," our decision to clarify our position in this regard having been taken in connection with "Everything Happens to Me" and "The Way You Look Tonight" by an accomplished singer named June Christy accompanied by a bebop ensemble (Capitol 57-578, 79¢). We know she is accomplished because in the former number she sings expressively and with excellent pitch against one of the most dissonantal and challenging orchestrations ever applied to a popular tune. But on the reverse, while the technically able orchestra plays what sounds like a luxurious arrangement of one of our favorite tunes, Miss Christy covers their efforts with one of the most lengthy and inane fits of vocal boppery we have ever heard.

Ever since the Twenties, when wordless vocalizing, or scat singing as it was called then, was first introduced in jazz records by Louis Armstrong it has been possible for that master and a few others to scat with great effectiveness. In other words, there are artists of scat as of anything else. But the waves of bebop music have brought in a floating garbage of modern scatting or bopping in which there is none of Louis Armstrong's fantastically appealing variety of sounds but, instead, a harping on certain boppish syllables which sound to us like mental crack-up. —WILDER HOBSON.



"I think those new unbreakable records are frustrating him."

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

ROME.

A POSTSCRIPTUM to my recent reports is indicated, I believe, to catch up with the spate of operatic records the winter has produced.

Like the theatres, the Italian recording companies are oppressed by the postwar dearth of good voices. With houses abroad hiring away established stars, and few well schooled youngsters coming up, there are not now many voices in Italy worth preserving for posterity. For this, of course, as for so much else here, the war is to be blamed: it darkened scores of provincial theatres, traditional training ground; it depreciated the currency, so that local *impresari* cannot match the fat fees paid elsewhere; it virtually wiped out the middle class, opera's biggest clientele, spewed up new-rich in its stead, and so debased taste and lowered artistic standards.

In the theatres, vocal poverty is often partly concealed by brilliance of staging and production. Recording companies have no such devices. But the lack of good voices does not inhibit their waxing and rewaxing the best loved operatic arias.

Over the last six months, Voce del Padrone has recorded thirty operatic sides, Columbia fourteen, Cetra forty-odd, this in addition to countless *canzoni, stornellate,* and melodies from films employing operatic talent, and to the output of little companies sporadically invading the profitable field. Voce del Padrone's pre-Christmas lists included two new recordings of "E lucevan le stelle" from "Tosca," one by the durable Giacomo Lauri-Volpi and the other by Mario Binci, though its catalogue already includes ten versions of this tenor hackney. As far as I am concerned, the wax could have been better employed.

Cetra's recent releases feature three basses, Italo Tajo, Luciano Neroni, and Cesare Siepi, the workmanlike baritone Carlo Tagliabue, and Giovanni Malipiero, who, though perhaps the most satisfying Italian tenor now alive, has done little since the war.

There is little to choose among the three fine basses. Neroni is both warm and musicianly, if sometimes muffled in low tones, while Siepi, whose dynamic, precise voice I have praised before, remains the best bass currently in Italy. The Rome radio orchestra, under Basile and Simonetto, performs capably.

Tagliabue, Met veteran, provides the soundest recent waxing of the "Pagliacci" prologue, with which is paired the "Pari siamo" from "Rigoletto" (BB 25064). Malipiero sings—in fine, finished style, with full-throated top notes and power coupled with great sweetness—the "Dream" from "Manon" and "Ah, non credevi tu" from Thomas's "Mignon" (BB 25062).

Cream of Voce del Padrone's recent releases are six sides by soprano Lya Grani, able newcomer to its catalogue. Four selections are from Donizetti—"Regnava nel silenzio" and "Quando rapita in estasi" from "Lucia di Lammermoor" (DB 11317), and "Quel guardo il cavalier" and "So anch'io la virtù magica" from "Don Pasquale" (DA 11303). In the temporary want of Margherita Carosio, Grani takes her place as the leading local exponent of the difficult, if delightful, nineteenth-century composer. Her other disc couples "Io son Titania" from "Mignon" and "Io dico no, non son paurosa" from "Carmen" (DB 11318). All six sides are with the Rome radio orchestra under G. Morelli. Other artists Voce del Padrone lists include Margherita Grandi, Rina Saragni, Rina Gigli, Fedora Barbieri, and Mario Filippeschi.

Columbia is proudest of two discs by Gianni Poggi, a youngish tenor who pleased me in last summer's open-air season, and a single by Ebe Stignani. Poggi's selections are "M'appari tutt'amor" from Flotow's "Marta," which is coupled with "Spirito gentil" from "La Favorita" (GQX 11188), and "Cielo e mar" from "La Gioconda" and "Forse la soglia attinse" from "Un Ballo in Maschera" (GQX 11189). He sings ably in all, disclosing surprising range: if I found his "Marta" air mildly pedestrian, perhaps it is because I remember Connee Boswell's too vividly.

Stignani is in accustomed fine voice in two airs from "La Favorita," "Fia dunque vero" and "Se il giusto suo disdegno" (GQX 11143).

—JOHN P. MCKNIGHT.

MUSIC OF TWO CONTINENTS

(*Continued from page* 44)

cept him as an Indian. As relaxation from the hard tasks of anthropology he learned to sing with such an Indian Caruso as Chancey Johnny John, who "knows a thousand verses of two score ceremonies and social dances." Later, with one of the Library's recorders, he captured the chanting of the old men, thanking the creator in voices that "carried over the fields and echoed from the hills." His records confirm his statement that this music, which antedates the coming of the white man, is still important to Indians who now "dance in rubber boots, chew snuff, and dress as other workers." The evenly spaced beats of the water drum, the growling antiphony of the old men, the liquid flow of the poetry, broken by occasional grunts or sharp cries, form a consistent pattern throughout the war dances, the squaw dances, and the ceremonies of this and the following album.

"Seneca Songs from Coldspring Longhouse," five 12" vinylites, Library of Congress, $8.25, recorded by William Fenton, with booklet.

"Music of the Sioux and the Navaho," four 10" unbrk., Folkways, $7.33. These songs from the Middle and South West, recorded and edited by Professor Willard Rhodes for the U. S. Indian Service, confirm John Collier's thesis that the Indian has made a cultural comeback. The youthful, vigorous voices express great confidence and joy and none of the "race weariness" we have been prepared to expect. Throughout the "Sioux Sun Dance," the "Rabbit Dance," the "Peyote Cult Song," throughout the "Navaho Riding Song," the "Corn Grinding Song," and the "Night Chant," these present-day Indian farmers and sheepmen leave no doubt of their preference for their own music. Modern influences appear in some of the texts, in the use of a harmonica on one strip, and in somewhat more vocal blending than one expects, but these are slight matters in relation to the "Indianness," the powerful vitality of these records. I commend this as everybody's Number One Indian album.

"Folk Music of Mexico," five 12" vinylites, Library of Congress, $8.25, recorded and edited by Henrietta Yurchenko, should be titled "Primitive Music of Mexico" because it's all Indian. It represents a Herculean achievement by Madame Yurchenko (whom we can also thank for the origination of the annual WNYC festival of music). Her patience and charm won the support of Mexican officials for her recording project; her courage and stamina took her into the wildest and least accessible corners of that country; and the music she recorded may well antedate the con-

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quest of Mexico. Some of the groups she visited were refugees from the Aztec empire who have lived in unbelievable poverty and isolation for centuries. Theirs is "pure" music, if there is any such, and, to my ear, some of it is also "starved" music—fragmentary and almost without life. There are beautiful sounds, however, especially the Chiapan trumpet and flute which announce the coming of a day of fiesta. The only other records of Mexican Indian music I know about were made by John Green among the Yaquis, the Tarascans, and the Chicimecans. This General album is now, unfortunately, out of print.

"Folk Music of Venezuela," five 12" vinylites, $8.25, Library of Congress, recorded by Juan Liscano and edited by him with Charles Seeger. I have saved the "best for the last" in this album, which combines African, Indian, and Spanish influences. In Juan Liscano, Venezuelan poet and folklorist, one encounters the truly great field recordist. His records not only represent the folk music of his country at its best, but also captured the music alive, when it was "happening." They somehow transport one straight to Venezuela. The strange flutes and drums of the Caribbean Indians, the hot drumming of the Venezuelan Negroes, the Spanish ballads, the native songs gripped me and involved me in the life of the people which Liscano so well explains in his notes.

And, more, these records offer the most convincing evidence that it is cultural exchange and competition, not isolation and purity, which are essential to the vitality of folk and primitive music. This is precisely the reason that this hemisphere has produced so many new and vital musical forms in recent centuries. Here the many peoples met, and swapped songs in an atmosphere of peace and relative democracy.

Alan Lomax, who was in charge of the Folk Lore Archive at the Library of Congress for many years, has made thousands of field recordings. Author of "Folk Song: USA," he is at present completing "Salt of the Earth," for Duell, Sloane & Pearce. His Mutual show, "Your Ballad Man," recently won honorable mention at Columbus, Ohio.

Some Highs and Lows

THE ENGINEERING MIND

THE RECORDING AND REPRODUCTION OF SOUND. By Oliver Read. Indianapolis: Howard W. Sams. 1949. 304 pp. $5.

THE SCIENCE or art of recording (as you may see fit to call it) is one of those highly technical fields that nevertheless are of general interest and importance to all sorts of people. For want of a pointed, accurate manual of instruction designed both for technicians and for this larger body of interested people many a sad mistake in recording has been made by those who would do better than they can. In such fields as this (and music itself is surely one of them, too) technical instruction falls usually far to one side or the other—either it is directed to the amateur and is, mistakenly, oversimplified to the point of uselessness, or it is intended for the professional and bogs down in a mass of technicalities, with no forest to be seen through the proverbial trees.

It was with the earnest hope, I am sure, that here perhaps was the much-needed manual on recording, that the editor turned over Oliver Read's new book, "The Recording and Reproduction of Sound," to this department for discussion. Its appearance and the published summaries of its contents might lead one to expect a definitive and up-to-date work. Mr. Read is editor of the magazine *Radio and Television News* (formerly *Radio News*) and has been in close contact with developments in the recording field for many years.

Instead, as far as this column is concerned, Mr. Read's work is a striking illustration of what's wrong with instructional writing in such fields as recording. It combines an enormous amount of factual material, ill-digested, with a singular lack of critical evaluation; more than that, the intended audience for the material is highly undefined. At one moment Mr. Read seems to speak to the amateur home recordist, the beginner, at the next to the professional radio dealer (on the subject of possible profits), and again to the specialized industrial engineer who designs commercial recording equipment. Large sections of the work turn out to be straight slices of textbook engineering replete with detailed algebraic formulae; yet other parts take up elementary problems of little value to those who are advanced enough to follow the mathematical discussions.

The book obviously takes for granted a standard engineering knowledge of basic electronics. Discussion and definition are carried on in technical terms that are seldom put into general language — impedance, induction, capacity, reactance, and similar words are used without the explanation that any "general" reader must have, and (as is quite proper in any completely technical paper) the logic of algebra is assumed to be perfectly clear *per se*.

There can of course be no criticism of this merely on the grounds of its being technical. Such material (granted it is well and correctly presented) is obviously essential to any complete professional coverage of the field. Whether Mr. Read's mathematics are good this column is not in a position to judge, but even assuming the optimum value in this part of the volume, it is still not entirely clear whether the book is strictly a professional work or not. Regardless of its sphere, there remains an astonishing lack of evaluation, to such a degree that the book can only be called misleading, not in a positive sense but distinctly in a negative.

There is a large amount of descriptive matter dealing with the mechanical and electrical construction of various trade items of recording equipment, but it is presented in terms such as can be found in any manufacturer's technical data sheets; the vital facts of actual performance, the essential gist for anyone needing assembled information on recording, Mr. Read seems reluctant to discuss. Thus, several pickup cartridges that are known even to a non-engineer like myself for their faults are described without evaluation along with others noted for exceptionally fine performance. The notoriously limited tonal range of one specific model — absolutely essential information—is not so much as mentioned in the considerable technical description accorded it. And so in virtually every department. There are pages of highly technical mathematics on magnetic recording, yet nowhere is there a simple, straightforward summary of the new medium as compared to traditional disc recording, nor is there a clear indication of what is now conceded to be the obvious superiority of tape over wire for most applications.

Final note: music—the very be-all and end-all of recording—receives one paragraph of exclusive attention in some hundreds of pages.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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THE JAZZ BEAT

THE DIZZY SPELL

THE LANK, frantic, volatile Stan Kenton has quit the music business. He has disbanded his virtuoso aggregation and entered medical school to prep for the study of psychiatry. Any relationship between the two happenings is pure coincidence.

This is as good a time as any to estimate the worth and the force of the brassy blitzkrieg of an orchestra that was Kenton's. There were times when the group would stun and thrill like the fine instrument that it was when played upon by the leader or by the arranger, Pete Rugolo. Other times, and, if the truth be known, times well in the minority, you would have the rather terrifying thought that maybe this was the Paul Whiteman of the day. There were embarrassing times like the Carnegie Hall concert with the prating master of ceremonies (hardly Kenton's fault), the band so excited, self-conscious, and exuberant that the tempos got quite out of hand; plus several comedy numbers of questionable taste.

Sincere is a word that has as many shadings as a Cézanne landscape. It is James Joyce or a huckster's tie. And you always get around to whether Kenton is sincere or merely a charlatan with a penchant for high decibels. However you may define the word, Kenton's music is Kenton personified. Not since Ellington has a leader's personality so impressed itself upon his bandsmen.

If anything this was a handicap, because it gave his Progressive Jazz, as he called it, an unrelieved sameness. It got so that in listening to a quiet passage you found yourself tensed, awaiting the moment when the lid would blow off and Kenton would hit you over the head with ten or fifteen brass and woodwinds and a rhythm section augmented with congos and bongos. The explosion almost always came. However, Kenton was enough of an artist to realize that some new ideas, new approaches were needed. During the last year or so he has had other musicians composing and orchestrating for his band, but as far as the recordings go the pieces by the maestro and Rugolo are still the best.

Coincident with his retirement or not, Capitol has released an album of recordings by the band—"Encores" (CC-113, $3.12). As it includes a couple of expertly handled pops and a very old flag-waver called "Capitol Punishment" in addition to some interesting recent works, you have the uneasy feeling that Capitol has cleaned its shelves, washed its hands of the whole Kenton affair.

So, for better or for worse, little Stanley Kenton's done been here and gone, as they say in the blues. A lot of people contend he didn't swing, but if they can say this after his Progressive Jazz album and some of the masterful 1948 singles, I suggest they consult the nearest endocrinologist. And, for better or for worse, he has had a tremendous influence on our music and on the musical taste of the listeners. This ballot is for better.

WOODY HERMAN: *"Sequence in Jazz."* (Columbia album C-177, $3.)

Four of the six sides herein contain Ralph Burns's "Summer Sequence" premiered at the Carnegie Hall concert that saw Stravinsky's "Ebony Concerto" first performed. An interesting comparison may be seen between the youthful Burns conception of what may be done with a jazz orchestra of masters, such as the Herman Herd was in 1946, and the severe scoring of the Stravinsky work. The work of Burns seems infinitely more successful; that is, it is alive, the composition moves and seems to achieve itself, while the Stravinsky opus gropes from start to finish.

CHARLIE PARKER, FLIP PHILLIPS, MACHITO'S ORCH.: *"No Noise."* (Mercury 11012, 79¢.)

First thing you know, the ordinary, law-abiding, two-beat and four-beat drummers will have to begin picketing the Afro-Cuban lads for depriving them of a livelihood. You can't have a bop recording session these days without some chaps brandishing maracas and belaboring bongos in the background. When done with finesse it is a wonderful sound, but in this recording the results are not of the best.

CHARLIE VENTURA: *"Birdland; Lullaby in Rhythm."* (RCA Victor 20-3346, 79¢.)

Side one is the breakneck bop unison vocal of all time, fine as the proverbial wine, backed by a cool yet urgent rhythm section and an incomparable trombone. As if this were not enough, Jackie Crain handles ably the lullaby with bop overtones on the reserve.

—GILBERT MCKEAN.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Dietrich, Marlene: "Kinder, Heut' Abend." RCA Victor 25-4107, 79¢.	Two tunes ("Ich bin die fesche Lola" is the other) restored to circulation at the behest of La Dietrich's adherents, of which there are, apparently, several legions. Both are the creation of Frederick Hollander, who also directs the "Symphonic Jazz Orchestra" and has, since 1932, become a Hollywood composer. All the effects of the era are intact, including Dietrich's brassy voice.
Ives, Burl: "Riders in the Sky." Columbia 38445, 63¢.	The authentic version of the Stan Jones cowboy ballad, which has since not only been emulated but imitated by the vendors of wax. However, they cannot reproduce the Ives voice, which is intensely effective in this uncommonly stirring song. "Wayfaring Stranger" and "Woolie Boogie Bee," in new versions, occupy the overside.
Le Mar, Eddie: "Fine and Dandy," "The Lady Is a Tramp." Capitol 37-594, 79¢.	Society-type versions of two favorite tunes of yesteryear. Tempo and accent are good, but the braying saxes and strangulated trumpets would seem to have had their day. Le Mar's piano is much the best thing in these.
Lund, Art: "Every Time I Meet You." MGM 10419, 63¢.	Pleasant, sentimental tune, well sung, from a new filmusical called (it says) "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend." They are, in fact, so enchanted with the idea that there is a title song—just as bad as it suggests.
Monroe, Vaughn: "Gigolette." RCA Victor 20-3425, 79¢.	The latest in a series of urbane melodies by Carl Siegman which began with last season's highly successful "Ballerina." The melody, as usual, is sleek and sweeping; the lyric mere cosmopolitan corn.
Morales, Noro: "The Peanut Vendor." MGM 10407, 63¢.	Noro's dynamic rumba outfit seems more than a little overpowering for the romantic vendor—the street cry spirit scarcely even remembered in the sock orchestration. Much more tasty is the Cubanized version of "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," which makes exciting listening, incongruous as it may seem.
Moreno, Buddy: "How It Lies, How It Lies, How It Lies," RCA-Victor 20-3421, 79¢.	A jaunty if not exceptional ditty about faithless fascinators done in a blithe, singing-orchestra style. To date, the most attractive version of a tune destined for the usual short life and a merry one.
Shore, Dinah and Buddy Clark: "Baby, It's Cold Outside." Columbia 38463, 63¢.	Frank Loesser's party specialty for several years, processed for public consumption as embellishment of the film "Neptune's Daughter." The text is of the "I Said No" variety, well delivered by Shore with Clark as the palpitating swain. Its partner "My One and Only Highland Fling" is not nearly so well sung.
Ventura, Charlie: "Body and Soul." RCA Victor 20-3396, 79¢.	Something of an accomplishment for Ventura—a baritone sax solo on Johnny Green's durable tune which doesn't make one think of Coleman Hawkins. It is a remarkable bit of fantasy, especially the first slow chorus . . . and not at all "Bop," despite the label. The dreary overside is, however, a malaise called "Whatta Ya Say We Go" . . . for which the appropriate comment is "Yes!"
Wald, Jerry: "Rumbalero." Columbia 38455, 63¢.	A collection of vivid and exceedingly skilful noises, in rumba rhythms proving that an elaborate music, without any lyric appeal, can be built by sheer ingenuity and application. As if anybody should want to prove it. We sniff here the ghost of Joseph Schillinger.
Whiting, Marguerite, and Johnny Mercer: "Baby, It's Cold Outside." Capitol 57-567, 79¢.	Competition for the Shore-Clark disc above, which is much of a sameness so far as performance is concerned. However, the Columbia disc affords much clearer audibility for the text. "I Never Heard You Say" is the ballady backside.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

LP Report, Continued

SIR: I have enjoyed the reports on LP records very much, and shall continue to look forward to them as a very useful guide in future purchases and in deciding which 78 rpm's to replace with LP's. The remarks on "exuberant treble" made me wonder whether you realized that LP's are recorded according to a characteristic very close to the NAB curve with resulting emphasis on treble. In playback, therefore, the treble should be smoothly attenuated so as to be down about 5 db at 10,000 cps; when played back through standard 78 rpm equalization the LP's are necessarily excessively shrill. The need for this NAB equalization is apparently not the case where the new RCA 45 rpms are concerned.

FRANK W. BAILEY.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I was very happy to note in your April issue the article by C. G. Burke treating the technical merits of LP records. I know from my own experience that some of the records are exceptionally fine and that others have serious defects. I think there is great need for information of the kind you have started to offer, and I for one hope that you will be able to continue the series to cover the repertoire which is now available on LP.

HAROLD C. MONTGOMERY.

Chatham, N. J.

SIR: By all means continue to evaluate LP *vs.* standard records: *provided* whoever does it uses a GE, Clarkston, Pickering, or other magnetic pickup. The deficiencies of crystal pickups are well known to all of us who make a hobby of quality phonograph reproduction. (Burke doesn't say what he uses.)

HENRY M. BROWN.

Alexandria, Va.

SIR: Add my voice to others who ask that you continue "Report on LP" as a regular department. It is an enormous aid to the average collector. But I would also like to request that you initiate a similar feature for the new Victorgroove releases. I especially like the notation concerning "cost per minute" which you supply with each item.

B. P. GORDON.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To these and similar letters concerning "Report on LP" we repeat our intention to prolong the coverage so long as there is occasion for it—which, at present, would seem to be indefinitely—and to include parallel evaluation of RCA's 45 rpms. So far as curves and responses, pickups and amplifiers are concerned, Burke's judgments are based on a widely variable unit, utilizing magnetic pickups as preferential choices, with references to the commercial crystals as checks on the results likely to be produced in the units originally sold for usage with the LP's. That these are less than adequate is indicated by the intention of Columbia to market a player of its own in the near future. We regard the LP and microgroove principles as basic adjuncts to the listener's pleasure: it is the responsibility of the manufacturers to produce the quality product latent in the process.*

Concerning "Orfeo"

SIR: In a recent article in RECORDINGS I saw that there was a translation and libretto of Monteverdi's "Orfeo" available. Could you tell me where it is possible to obtain a copy?

CLARE W. MASBUND.

Towson, Md.

SIR: The article on opera librettos by Paul Lewinson was informative as well as persuasive. Do you know whether he translated the entire text of Monteverdi's "Orfeo" or whether any other satisfactory libretto of that work is available?

HARRY C. BAUER,
Director of Libraries,
University of Washington.

Seattle, Wash.

SIR: I enjoyed reading the article on libretto translations. Do you know where I could get a good translation of Monteverdi's "Orfeo"? Such things are hard to come by and are appreciated when they can be made available.

M. JUSTIN HERMAN.

San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To judge from the extensive excerpts from Mr. Lewinson's translation of "Orfeo," which were submitted with the article, but for which there was insufficient space for reproduction, he must have a virtually complete English text available as by-product of his operatic enthusiasms. These and other inquiries would indicate that there is a lively interest in a translation of "Orfeo," a point of information we are passing along to him, also any interested publishers.*

The 1,000 Club

SIR: Please count me in among those who will buy reissues of the Rachmaninoff "Carnaval" and Mozart's "Musikalische Spass." Here are two more nominations for such reissues: Bela Bartók's "Rhapsody No. 1" for violin and piano, played by Szigeti and Bartók, and Barber's "Dover Beach," with the composer as vocalist accompanied by the Curtis Quartet. Since both are definitive performances of interesting works, their deletion seems inexplicable. I would also like to see Barber's "Second Essay" recorded.

JOHN L. HARVEY.

San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Now that RCA has gotten Schönberg's "Gurrelieder" into production, it may consider reissue of some briefer works, such as the Rachmaninoff "Carnaval" or Barber's "Dover Beach." However, we have heard it from the composer himself that he prefers that phase of his career to remain a secret among those who bought the original records. We have not heard of any plans for a recording of the "Second Essay"; it would seem that Ormandy, who did the "First," would be the logical one to continue.*

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
BERKELEY, CALIF.				
(*Berkeley Music House*)	Slaughter on 10th Avenue (MGM)	Songs of the Veld (D)	Mignon—Di Stefano (RCA)	Mozart Harp-Flute Concerto (RCA)
BIRMINGHAM				
(*Stairway to Music*)	Cruising Down the River (MGM)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Prokofieff Toccata (RCA)	Hungarian Dances (C-LP)
BOSTON				
(*Boston Music Co.*)	Cruising Down the River (MGM)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Frühlingsstimmen (CT)	Gaite Parisienne (RCA)
(*Mosher Music Co.*)	I Don't See Me in Your Eyes (D)	Burl Ives (D)	Dream of Olwen (C)	Bruckner Mass (CT)
CHICAGO				
(*Hudson-Ross, Inc.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Dick Contino (Mag)	Jealousy (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
CINCINNATI				
(*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	Slaughter on 10th Avenue (MGM)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Fauré Pavane (C)	Mozart Serenade for Winds (RCA)
DALLAS				
(*The Record Shop*)	Cruising Down the River (D)	Connecticut Yankee (D)	Polonaise (RCA)	Rigoletto Duets (Cet)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	Cruising Down the River (MGM)	Les Gotcher Square Dances	Rosenkavalier Waltzes (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)
DENVER				
(*Knight-Campbell*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Over, I Vespri (CT)	Romeo and Juliet—Tchaikovsky (RCA)
DETROIT				
(*Campus Record Shop*)	Again (M)	Brigadoon (RCA)	Mozart Rondo in A (P)	Mathis der Maler (CT)
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Manhattan Tower (D)	Ritual Fire Dance (RCA)	Scheherezade (RCA)
(*Grinnell Bros.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Brigadoon (RCA)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Encores (RCA)
LOS ANGELES				
(*J. W. Robinson Co.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Madama Butterfly Highlights (RCA)
MEMPHIS				
(*Words and Music*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Dancing in the Dark (C)	Manon-Tagliavini (RCA)	Erna Sack (M-LP)
MINNEAPOLIS				
(*Don Leary's, Inc.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Polonaise (RCA)	Nutcracker Suite (C)
NASHVILLE				
(*M U Sound System*)	Cruising Down the River (D)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Lord's Prayer (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
NEW YORK				
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Illusions (D)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Bachianas (C)	Forza del Destino (Cet-LP)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	Baby It's Cold Outside (C)	South Pacific (C)	Thais Duet (RCA)	Erna Sack (M-LP)
(*Haynes Griffin*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Emperor Waltz—Sack (M)	Salome (C)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Over., Alceste (CT)	Scheherezade (EDA)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Bachianas (C)	Salome (C)
(*Rabson's*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Buxtehude Cantata (RCA)	Gurrelieder (RCA)
PHILADELPHIA				
(*Jacobs Bros.*)	Slaughter on 10th Avenue (MGM)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Ave Maria (RCA)	Swan Lake (RCA)
(*H. Royer Smith Co.*)	Riders in the Sky (C)	Hackett Solos (B)	Freischutz—Welitsch (C)	Salome (C)
PORTLAND				
(*Sherman Clay & Co.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Fiddle-Faddle (RCA)	Encores (RCA)
ST. LOUIS				
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Again (M)	Gershwin Suite (L)	Boheme—MacDonald (RCA)	Nutcracker Suite (C)
WASHINGTON, D. C.				
(*Brentano's*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Bachianas (C)	Mozart Sonata #12 (RCA)

Compiled as of May 10, 1949.

Key: B—Brunswick C—Columbia Cet—Cetra CT—Capitol Telefunken D—Decca EDA—English Decca L—London M—Mercury Mag—Magnolia P—Parlophone RCA—RCA Victor

Leaders: As happened last month, only popular records demonstrate any clearly observable trends. In the popular single category the No. 1 favorite is Vaughn Monroe's recording of "Riders in the Sky." "Cruising Down the River," last month's leader, is now a rather poor second. "Kiss Me, Kate" still reigns supreme among popular albums, but on the basis of late returns from New York dealers it would seem that another original-cast recording, that of "South Pacific," may soon replace it in favor.

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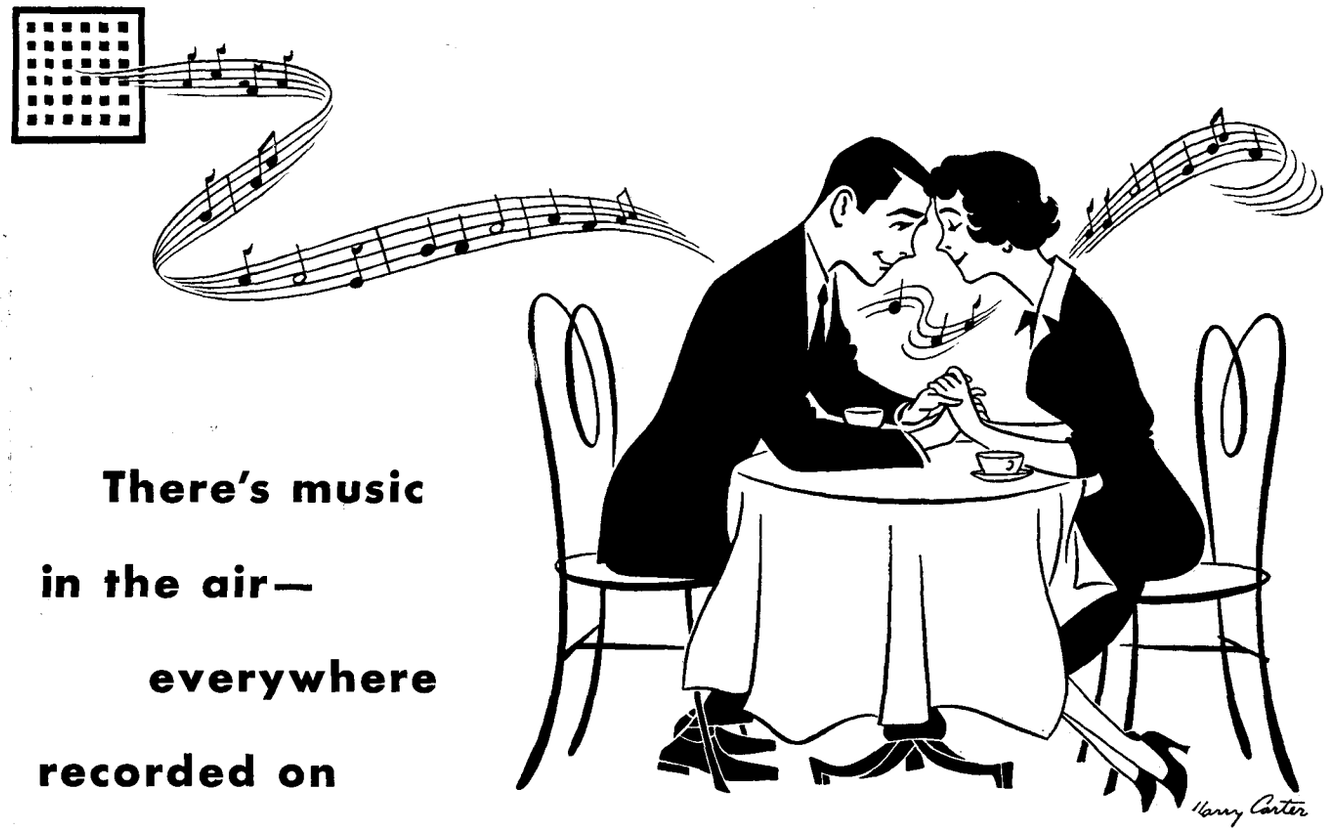

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Beethoven: Six Irish Songs including "Once More I Hail Thee," "Return to Ulster," "Oh! Who, My Dear Dermot," "The Morning Air Plays on My Face," "The Pulse of an Irishman," "Morning a Cruel Turmoiler Is." Richard Dyer-Bennet, Tenor, with piano trio. *The Concert Hall Society Album AG.*

Bizet: Carmen excerpts. Rise Stevens, Mezzo-soprano, Nadine Conner, Soprano, Raoul Jobin, Tenor, Robert Weede, Baritone, with George Sebastian conducting the Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orchestra. *Columbia Record ML 4013.*

Chopin: "His Story and His Music." *Vox Album 252.*

Cowboy Songs—Jimmy Blaine with Orchestra. *Caravan Record C-14.*

"Danny Boy" (Old Irish Air—Arr. Weatherly) —Leonard Warren, Baritone and "The Lord's Prayer" (Malotte), Leonard Warren, Baritone with Willard Sektberg at the Piano. *Victor Record 49-0284.*

Grieg: Sonata in A Minor, Op. 36. Raya Garbousova, 'cellist—Artur Balsam, pianist. *The Concert Hall Society Album AD.*

Health Can Be Fun—Munro Leaf—Adapted by Frank Luther. Songs with Orchestra—Frank Luther. *Decca Children's Set CU-114.*

"Homing" by Charles H. Bochau and "Duna" by Pickthall-McGill. Bruce Foote, Baritone—Silvertone Orchestra conducted by Henry Weber, WGN Musical Director. *Silvertone Record No. 229.*

"Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair" and "De Camptown Races" and "Swanee River" by Foster. Silvertone String Orchestra directed by Glenn Osser. *Silvertone Record No. 227.*

Lecocq: Mlle. Angot Suite (Arr. Mohaupt). Kabalevsky: The Comedians, Op. 26. Efrem Kurtz conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York. *Columbia Record ML 4083.*

Mahler: Songs of a Wayfarer. Carol Brice, Contralto, with Fritz Reiner conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Sacred Arias of Johann Sebastian Bach. Carol Brice, Contralto, with Daniel Saidenberg conducting the Columbia Broadcasting Concert Orchestra. *Columbia Record ML 4108.*

March of the Boyards (Halvorsen). Charles O'Connell conducting the Carnegie Pops Orchestra. *Columbia Record 7616-M.*

Mr. Rumple Bumple Series—"Woodrow the Woodpecker" and "Bumpy the Bear." *Packaged Programs Album 9.*

"Songs of Raggedy Ann" (Gruelle-Woodin-Miller)—Jack Arthur. *Victor Record WY-27.*

Songs of Safety—Songs with Sound Effects and Music—Frank Luther. *Decca Children's Set CU-113.*

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